

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE RECENT FLOODS.—DISTRIBUTION OF CLOTHING AND OTHER SUPPLIES TO SUFFERERS AT LAWRENCEBURG, IND.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDING ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 37.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
55, 56 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, MARCH 10, 1883.

### THE SHERIDAN EXTRADITION CASE.

IT is not surprising that the British demand for the extradition of Sheridan should awaken unusual interest and excite general comment. The idea of asylum is in accordance with English, as well as American, traditions. Blackstone says, in his emphatic way: "No power on earth but the authority of Parliament can send any subject of England out of the land against his will; no, not even a criminal." And here it has always been considered that no man charged with crime can be sent abroad for trial unless the treaty stipulations with the demanding country expressly provide for the special case.

In 1840, before the Ashburton Treaty, when the State of Vermont undertook to send to Canada a man charged with murder there, the Supreme Court of the United States arrested the proceeding by *habeas corpus*, and declared that such action was beyond State power. But no civilized nation finds it desirable to become a refuge for the outcast criminals of other countries, and so the matter is usually provided for by treaties. Two years after the Vermont case the Treaty with Great Britain provided for the extradition of persons charged with murder or assault with intent to commit murder or piracy, or arson, or robbery, or forgery, or the utterance of forged paper, committed within the jurisdiction of either, shall seek an asylum, or be found within the territories of the other; provided that this shall only be done upon such evidence of criminality as, according to the laws of the place where the fugitive or person so charged shall be found, would justify his apprehension and commitment for trial if the crime or offense had been there committed.

Nothing is said about political offenses, but the terms of the treaty were plainly understood to exclude them. In the President's Message, transmitting the treaty to the Senate, written by Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, he said: "In this careful and specific enumeration of crimes, the object has been to exclude all political offenses, or criminal charges arising from wars, or intestine commotions."

This is the strongest possible contemporaneous exposition of the meaning of the treaty. And Great Britain, in her Extradition Act of 1870, expressly provides that "a fugitive criminal shall not be surrendered if the offense is one of a political character, or if he prove to the satisfaction of the police magistrate or the court before whom he is brought on *habeas corpus*, or to the Secretary of State, that the requisition for his surrender has, in fact, been made with a view to try or punish him for an offense of a political character."

Indeed it was so distinctly understood that such offenses were excluded that Mr. Fish, in a letter on the Winslow case in 1876, said: "Between the United States and Great Britain it was not supposed on either side that guarantees were required of each other against a thing inherently impossible, any more than by the laws of Solon was a punishment deemed necessary against parricide which was beyond the possibility of contemplation."

It is clear, therefore, that Sheridan cannot be surrendered, unless he is proved guilty of murder, or assault with intent to commit murder, by evidence that would justify his commitment if his act had been committed here; and, moreover, it must appear that it was not one "arising out of war or intestine commotion." In the sense in which Webster used those words. But here is a grave and difficult question. We say nothing of his actual guilt of the assassination of Cavendish and Burke, whether as principal or as accessory before or after the fact. That is a matter for proof, and for the most careful judicial consideration. But, suppose the proof to be clear, can this dastardly crime, which consisted in creeping upon two unarmed gentlemen during an afternoon walk in a public park, and butchering them in cold blood, be deemed a political offense? There was certainly no war except what is always going on between political forces in sharp conflict. There was in truth much intestine commotion, as there has been in Ireland for generations; but was it such as can convert a slaughter like this into a political crime, merely because it was inspired and directed by organized bodies engaged in such commotion, and not by personal malice or individual hate? This, we repeat, is a grave question, and, perhaps, much may be said on both sides. The boundaries between personal and political crimes are vague. They run into each other insensibly, as was shown by many remarkable instances during our own war. Nowhere do lawyers

and statesmen know how to spin refinements on the subject better than in England, as was forcibly shown in the Hartmann case. No country in the world has been a safer refuge for criminals, and especially those who, by any latitude of moral interpretation, could be called political offenders. If she wants us to surrender Sheridan, she must bring her demand within the terms and the spirit of the treaty, and pursue the orderly methods provided by our statutes, as we are obliged to do when we seek our criminals on her soil. If the proof shall fasten upon Sheridan an actual participation in that cruel murder, it will be hard to induce an American judge to pronounce it a mere political crime; and the successor of two murdered Presidents, who must at last act upon it, will not be likely to err in favor of assassination.

The formal warrant, provided for in the Act of 1848, has been issued, and we may await the proceedings with confidence that our treaty obligations will be strictly fulfilled, and that Sheridan will not be sent from our shores unless he shall be proved to be a murderer, in common acceptance, and not in any sense a political offender.

### OUR GREAT RAILWAYS.

DESPITE storms and floods the earnings of sixty railroads—forming no small part of the vast network of transportation lines extending over this country—show, as a rule, an important increase compared with those of the opening months of last year, and this fact may be taken as an indication that trade has not been in quite so deplorable a state as many have supposed. Several railroads at the West have exceeded the record for the corresponding period last year by from six to forty three per cent.; west and south of St. Louis the increase among other roads has been from eight to sixty-five per cent.; east of the Mississippi there has been a gain in a number of cases of from nine to twenty-six per cent. Surely there is something encouraging in such facts as these.

The enormous yield of cotton—now generally estimated at 7,000,000 bales, or the largest ever before known—is doing much for the Southern lines, and the abundant grain harvests of last season are swelling the receipts of Western railroads. If the official estimates of the grain yield—510,000,000 bushels of wheat, 1,625,000,000 bushels corn, and 470,000,000 bushels of oats—are realized, the railroad companies ought to have a prosperous year, though it is averred by some statisticians that the crops will scarcely attain the Government figures here given.

These galas in the railroad traffic, however, bear upon another point always of so much importance to this country, namely, the export trade; and it is hoped that they are preliminary to such a further augmentation of the trans Atlantic trade that it will be necessary to send gold here instead of securities in order to settle the balance.

It is of interest to notice that we have now in this country nearly or quite 100,000 miles of railroad lines in operation, or nearly double the extension ten years ago. Of course, no other country in the world can make such an exhibit as this. In fact, in 1879, when we had 82,000 miles of lines, Great Britain had but 34,500 miles, including the railroads in India, while Germany had only 19,700 miles, and France but 13,870 miles. To be sure, we have built too many railroads of late years, and they have been too heavily capitalized, but sooner or later the nation's traffic will give employment to them all.

### WOMAN AS A RISK.

IN the matter of insurance woman is classed with lunatics, powder magazines and unseaworthy ships. It is impossible for her to get insured at all, except by paying a large premium as extra hazardous. Insurance companies do not seek her, of course, any more than they would seek a mere Czar, or a turkey before Thanksgiving, or a person about to go to sea in a balloon; and if she comes along and makes definite application for a policy, they casually look the other way and begin to talk about the weather. If she walks in and leans against the desk and makes an uproar till she attracts their tardy attention, they sigh, take her name, guess at her age, charge her from twenty-five to fifty per cent. more than they would a male of the same species, and let her go.

When asked the reason of this discrimination, they say, "Woman is capricious. We cannot subject her to rules." There is no calculating on her. She defies tables of mortality. If we figure that she will die, she lives; if we expect that she will live, she dies; and she cheats us both times. Woman, as a policy-holder, is an expensive luxury." All men will see the reasonableness of this assertion. Woman is notoriously fragile and perishable property. Moreover, it is alleged that her age is sometimes more or less problematical, and that

insurance companies are always in the dark concerning the stage of decay which has been reached by feminine applicants. Artists in human-frame auxiliaries are in a conspiracy against the doctors. If a renovated and rejuvenated female, hidden behind a new porcelain facade and beneath a blooming terracotta thatch, decorated with a pearly array of adjustable teeth, and rendered fascinating by a patent bust capable of artificial palpitation, is thus able, like the beautiful Miss Gault, to pass herself off for twenty-two when she is fifty-five, it is obvious that the company that insures her life is in danger of getting considerably left.

Yet a number of highly respectable and intrepid women of this city, up Fourth Avenue, undismayed by impediments, have organized a company for the exclusive insurance of women on the mutual plan. Meadames Phelps and Holcombe, Howard, Gerard, Roberts and Jacob, frown rhetorically on the older companies that ignore the alleged gentle sex, and they offer to insure women on equal terms, without regard to cosmetics or other disabilities. The progress of the enterprise will be watched with deep interest, because the high standing of the sponsors insures the trying of the experiment on its business merits.

There are some considerations besides those we have mentioned which they would do well not to overlook. In the first place, some women have husbands, which men never do have; and some husbands whose wives are insured for their benefit are believed not to be especially anxious to continue the payment of the premium indefinitely. We do not say that anything improper occurs, or that the insured wife is more liable to meet with an accident on account of this state of feeling, but vessels have been known to sink suddenly at sea when the insurance effected on the freight was far greater than its real value to the owner.

Women who were not insured have been known to sacrifice their lives by exasperating their husbands, although at death they proved a total loss. There was a sad case down in the Shenandoah Valley a few months ago. An industrious and healthy woman named Forbes suddenly disappeared, and was shortly afterwards found in a swamp on Summit Creek with her head cut off. The coroner's jury, composed entirely of husbands, brought in a verdict that she did it herself. The surviving husband has since alleged that she "assaulted" him, which virtually sustains the finding of the jury. The woman who sasses her husband, it is not too much to say, voluntarily takes her life in her own hand, and ought to be held responsible, in law, for the result.

There was recently a case out in Michigan even more heart-rending. A woman named Le Bow inflicted an indelible insult upon her husband, and he felt compelled to discipline her with a convenient hatchet. She perished during the administration of the correction, but he justified himself by alleging and proving that she "brought it on herself." The outrage she committed was that, in turning up his old pantaloons at the bottom, she made them about an inch too short. No man will deny the mortal character of the provocation. If there is anything that will stir the blood of a man of proper feeling, and put into his heart all sorts of desperate thoughts, it is, while incensing his lower extremities in his most familiar unmentionables, to ascertain suddenly that they have been assailed by vandal shears and prematurely discontinued. We do not say that it deserves such condign punishment as that administered in the present case. The domestic reconstructor declared that it was merely the result of momentary inadvertence. This plea should be allowed a mitigating influence, though the decapitation, so to speak, of the masculine trousers, has in itself, if unexplained, a most malignant look.

Again, a young man in Scotland, only a week ago, bit off the ear of his lady-love because it refused to listen favorably to his suit.

Has the Woman's Insurance and Accident Company carefully considered these risks—their curious and sporadic character, and how to classify and provide for them? If not, it should give them profound attention without further delay.

### VERTICAL RAILWAY TRAVEL.

ACCIDENTS to elevators are of so frequent occurrence that it is a matter of wonder that comparatively little attention is paid to the subject. One reason for this general indifference is, perhaps, due to the fact that only few persons can ever be killed or injured at one time by the fall of a car. In a general way, people know that there are a great many elevators in use, and that no large building for business purposes is complete without one or more of these leg-and-breath-saving contrivances; but of the real magnitude of vertical travel there is an almost universal ignorance.

Mr. C. A. Ellithorpe, of Chicago, who has made the subject a practical study for

years, supplies us facts and figures showing that there are now, in round numbers, 45,000 elevators in the United States, or about one for every 1,200 persons in the country. Of these nearly 15,000, or one-third of the entire number, are in the City of New York alone. The number of people who daily ride on these 15,000 elevators is six times as large as the total number of people who patronize the elevated railways. The eight elevators in the Equitable Building carry up and down a daily average of 20,000; the elevators in the Boreel Building, 5,000 daily; and several other buildings, which are centres of business activity, about the same number. In the Chicago Board of Trade building 6,000 people ride daily; and in four or five of the leading hotels in the same city from 2,000 to 4,000 each per diem.

As rapid as is the increase of surface railroad building in this country, it is estimated that for every new mile of road constructed a new elevator comes into use. In connection with surface railroads and vertical travel an interesting fact appears, for, according to the authority already quoted, it is as dangerous to life and limb to ride one mile on an elevator as to ride forty miles by rail. To put it another way, the chances for a safe delivery to the passenger is as forty to one in favor of the railroads.

In New York city, and in other cities to a lesser degree, the rapid increase of high buildings creates a correspondingly rapid increase in the demand for elevators. Manhattan Island is so narrow that the device of doubling the height of its buildings produces the practical result of doubling its width, by making available twice the original superficial area. In all large cities the enormous appreciation of real estate values in the business centres, coupled with the demand for saving time by keeping merchants and brokers as near together as possible, favors the growing tendency to erect tall structures. In view of the statistics given, it appears almost incredible that it is less than a quarter of a century ago that the first elevator was invented and put into use. Like all new inventions, it met with strong opposition at first, the mass of people claiming it to be an infringement on their inalienable right to climb at whatever wear and tear of health, comfort or time.

One of the principal causes of accidents has been, and still is, the employment of irresponsible boys and good-for-nothing men as conductors. The remedy for this must remain a matter of adjustment by each individual proprietor of buildings where elevators are used, subject to capidity and carelessness, pending legislative action on the subject. To prevent elevators from falling, to catch them when they do fall, to guard the doors, and to do away with the added dangers which the elevator-shafts furnish in case of fire, has each been made the subject of grave study, and become the motive of manifold inventions. At the present time there are "air cushions" for catching falling cars without damage to life or property, and automatic air breaks which make the elevators to which they are applied practically free from the hazards which otherwise attend vertical travel. The Government in its buildings at Washington, we believe, has availed itself of these safeguards, and there is no excuse for the failure of owners of other buildings to adopt every precaution, at whatever cost, by which practically absolute safety may be assured.

### A NEW TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

DURING the last half century the efforts for the suppression of intemperance in this country have been mainly directed to two ends, viz.: (1) To induce men to practice total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, and (2) to suppress the liquor traffic by law.

That much good has been done by the diffusion of information and by keeping the subject constantly before the people, there can be no doubt; and simple justice requires that we should give the agitators the credit always due to purity of motive and unselfish devotion to a good cause. But, however we may account for the fact, it is certainly true that the movement, as thus directed, has failed to enlist the sympathy and secure the co-operation of a vast number of enlightened and influential citizens who, while they see and lament the evils of intemperance, and would gladly do something for their removal, do not accept either the doctrine of total abstinence or that of prohibition as affording a practicable basis of union for the work that most needs to be done. This class of men think the time has come for the organization of a new movement, which, while leaving individuals free to hold and express their sentiments on the two points above named, shall aim directly at inducing habits of temperance in the community, and at such restrictions upon the liquor traffic as may be found practicable.

The new movement has taken the form



of "The Church Temperance Society," and seems to have rooted itself especially, though not exclusively, in the Protestant Episcopal denomination. The President of the Society is the venerable senior bishop of that Church, the Right Rev. B. B. Smith, D. D., and among its promoters are such men as Rev. H. C. Potter, the Hon. John Jay, the Rev. Howard Crosby, the Hon. Clinton B. Fisk, Rabbi Gotthell, Judge Arnoux, and many others equally well known in this community. The Secretary of the Society and its chief working agent is Robert Graham, Esq., a gentleman of high character and capacity, who has had a large experience in similar work in England, and who has already accomplished much in this city in opening up a highway of usefulness for the association. Statistics have been collected showing that there are in New York city 9,075 licensed, and at least 1,000 unlicensed, places for the sale of liquor, or one to every one hundred and twenty-five inhabitants, or one to every twenty-five families. It is a startling fact that the grog shops outnumber the food-shops of the city by 2,749. The total number of arrests for crime in 1882 was 67,135. Of these, 20,228 were for intoxication *per se*, and 22,384 were for disorderly conduct, the direct outcome of drinking; thus giving a total of 42,612 rum arrests, or sixty-three per cent. of the entire number. When we consider the expense of all this crime, and the misery entailed upon women and children by this burden of intoxication, we may well stand appalled.

It is idle, in the present state of public sentiment, to look for a remedy for this plague in a sweeping Act of Prohibition, or a crusade in behalf of total abstinence. Experience has shown that these remedies, for the present at least, are impracticable. What then? Can nothing be done? Are the rum-sellers to rule the city, imposing upon orderly citizens an unendurable burden of taxation and crime, and constantly widening and deepening the fiery flood of intemperance? This must not be. But the calamity can only be prevented by the active union of all good citizens in some such movement as that we have named. The subject must be dealt with practically, on the basis of common sense. It is a sheer waste of strength to secure the enactment of laws for which public sentiment is not prepared, and which could not be enforced even if they were put upon the statute book. The obvious dictate of sound policy, therefore, is for the friends of order and sobriety to unite for a rigid enforcement of such laws as we now have, and in procuring such amendments of the same as experience suggests and all reasonable minds admit to be necessary. The agitation for total abstinence and prohibition may still be continued by those who think it wise to pursue these ends; but we should think that even they would be eager meanwhile to co-operate in the new movement, if only to test its value.

The practical method of the new society was unfolded at a large public meeting recently held in Stelaway Hall, of which the Hon. John Jay was president, and at which addresses were delivered by Secretary Graham, Judge Arnoux, ex-Surrogate Calvin, Dr. Howard Crosby and others. It is proposed to bring public sentiment to bear, first, upon the Excise Commissioners, to induce them to diminish the number of rum-shops; secondly, upon the Police, to induce them to enforce the laws against the sale of liquors on Sunday and to minors, and to suppress the unlicensed shops; thirdly, upon the Legislature, to persuade that body to introduce into the excise law a clause limiting the number of saloons to a maximum of one to five hundred of the population, and to increase the license fee to a minimum of \$500 per annum. This is a platform on which every good citizen can stand and work.

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE Irish conspiracy still monopolizes the attention of both Parliament and people in England. Mr. Parnell has still further injured the Irish cause by an exceedingly violent speech, in which he made a savage attack upon the Government, charging it with tyrannical administration of the law, jury-packing and unjust executions. His proposed amendment to the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne, bitterly attacking the Executive in Ireland, for the administration of the Crimes Act, was rejected by a vote of 133 to 15. Mr. Parnell has announced that, if further legislation for Ireland during the present session shall seem improbable, he will forthwith proceed to the United States to attend the proposed convention in Philadelphia. The British Government has applied to France and the United States for the extradition respectively of Frank Byrne and P. J. Sheridan, whom Carey, the informer, implicated in the Phoenix Park assassinations, but the more candid of the London papers admit the inconsistency of asking their return on a general charge of conspiracy, in view of the position assumed by England in the past regarding the surrender of political offenders who had taken refuge on British soil. Further arrests of persons implicated in the conspiracy have been made, and the police think they are on the track of the mysterious "Number One." Meanwhile discontent in

Ireland is on the increase, and the suffering from famine in the west of the island grows all the while more severe.

France is quieting down from the excitement that followed Prince Napoleon's manifesto. The Princes who were retired from active service in the army have accepted the situation with dignity, and conservative Republicans deprecate the haste with which the Government acted. The new Ministry has received a strong vote of confidence, a motion that the Government was sufficiently firm to insure respect for the Republic being adopted by 368 ayes to 93 nays. Mr. Gladstone stopped over in Paris on his return from France, and had conferences with the President and Foreign Minister, which led to the belief that fresh negotiations are on foot between the two nations regarding Egypt.

Fresh outbreaks of Socialists, Nihilists and Monarchists have occurred in various countries of Europe. Spain is disturbed by the discovery of a Socialistic society called "The Black Hand," which is said to number about 50,000 members. The Brussels police have unearthed a plot affecting not only Belgium but several other countries, and including a conspiracy to murder the Czar on his approaching coronation. The Russian Government has suppressed the St. Petersburg *Golos*, arrested another lot of students and taken more repressive measures, but all without affecting the spread of Nihilism.

The work of railway-building in Mexico is making rapid progress. During the second week in February, the completion of the Mexican National line from the capital to Maravatio, a distance of about 134 miles, was celebrated by a grand excursion of Government and other officials, and on the 15th the road was still further extended to Acambaro, an important geographical centre. The inauguration of this line is an event of more than ordinary interest, since it unites the City of Mexico with the State of Michoacan, one of the richest and most fertile of the Republic.

The most important legislation of the whole Congressional session, that regarding revenue and tariff revision, was rushed through in the closing hours. The Protectionists of the House, dissatisfied with the tariff reductions of the Senate Bill, had it sent to a conference committee so strongly in sympathy with their ideas, that most of the Democratic appointees refused to serve. This committee, as finally constituted, increased some of the rates, although it made no very material changes, and both branches accepted its report. Nobody, however, appears to be really satisfied with it. The total reduction in revenue from its changes, in both the internal and customs taxes, is estimated at \$75,000,000.

TO MANY people the most interesting action taken by Congress at its recent session was its reduction of letter-postage from three to two cents for the half-ounce limit. The two Houses compromised their disagreement as to the date when the change should take effect by splitting the difference, and the first of October was finally fixed as the time for the new "departure." The department hopes that the reduction will not cause a deficiency of much over \$1,000,000 for the next fiscal year, and nothing is more certain than that the increase in business will, at an early day, more than make up for the lower rate. The benefit to the country from the greater facility for communication thus afforded cannot well be exaggerated.

So many promising movements for monuments to eminent men end in dismal failures, that it is pleasant to have assurance of a fitting memorial to the poet Longfellow, who died a year ago this month. An association was organized last year, which proposed to secure the land lying between his old home at Cambridge and the Charles River, and erect upon it a worthy monument. About \$8,000 has already been raised, no small share of it in small subscriptions by children, and the poet's children have now made a present of the land which was to be purchased. This leaves no ground for apprehension that enough money will not be raised to carry out the original scheme, which, with its beautiful garden, fine view, and statue on the bank of Longfellow's favorite river, will prove a most appropriate memorial of the poet whose verse charms the world.

THE failure of a Roman Catholic Savings' Institution at Lawrence, Mass., with an indebtedness of about half a million of dollars, chiefly due to poor depositors, is a fresh warning against the policy of making the clergy the financiers of their people. The still heavier losses in which the unbusinesslike methods of Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, involved his diocese a few years ago, had taught the same lesson, which has also been enforced in the case of more than one Protestant denomination. The plain truth is, that business is business, and to run successfully a financial institution, a man must have a training and experience such as the priest cannot acquire. The failure of the Augustinian Society does not reflect upon the honesty of its clerical managers, but the facts remain all the same that the system was radically wrong, and that for the Catholic Church to organize other savings' institutions after the Cincinnati and Lawrence experiences would be a blunder closely akin to crime.

GOVERNOR BUTLER of Massachusetts is naturally magnifying his office, and has already succeeded in giving the old Bay State a decided shaking up; but while some of the newspapers are very much shocked by his conduct, he appears, on the whole, to be making a good Executive. Outsiders have long suspected that the old stronghold of the Puritans might not

be the abode of absolute perfection, and Governor Butler's overhauling of the prison and insurance departments seems to have justified the suspicion. However this may be, there is no question as to the soundness of the Governor's first veto message, in which he sharply rebukes the Legislature for the loose construction of a bill incorporating a safe deposit vault corporation, under which it would have been enabled to engage in almost any kind of business. The Massachusetts Legislature usually sits nearly half the year, but for all that it frequently proves guilty of the carelessness in law-making which has become a crying evil all over the country.

CREDULITY thrives even in this age of enlightenment. That an unknown and irresponsible upstart should be able, by a wild and ridiculous prediction, to upset the balance of a whole community hundreds of miles away, would be pronounced at first thought impossible, yet such proves to be the actual fact. A few months ago a Canadian, named Wiggins, suddenly burst upon the world with a prophecy that the most terrible storm ever known was to visit this latitude during the present month. Scientists and people of common sense dismissed the matter with a smile at the fellow's assurance, but it appears that not a few credulous creatures have taken him at his word. So many of the hardy fishermen of Eastern Massachusetts have succumbed to superstitious apprehensions, that a large proportion of the Gloucester fleet just ready to sail for the Spring catch off the George's cannot get a crew, and a serious blow to that thriving community is threatened in consequence. It is, indeed, but a thin veneer which civilization spreads over the superstition of the savage.

"MAN'S inhumanity to man" has found fresh illustration in the Dixmont Insane Asylum at Pittsburg. One would suppose that even the most brutal nature would shrink from aggravating the afflictions of the insane by cruelties of any sort; but the evidence as to the institution named shows that for years the unfortunate inmates have been exposed to treatment at the hands of the keepers which even African savages would regard as inhuman. In some cases patients have been knocked down, kicked and choked, for purely imaginary offenses; in others, they have been beaten with leather thongs and pounded in their faces with bunches of iron keys; and in one instance a patient who fell in an epileptic fit was kicked about the floor and left helpless and insensible where he had fallen. Other patients were placed in cells so full of filth as to be unfit for swine, and here they appear to have been kept for considerable periods without any other reason than the malevolence of the brutes in charge. We do not wonder that these revelations have produced a profound impression, and it is to be hoped that the indignation they have excited will not subside until the officials whose barbarities they expose have been punished as they deserve.

THE President has made several diplomatic appointments which admirably illustrate the true principles of civil service reform. The mission to Spain, instead of being handed over to some politician out of a job, has been unexpectedly offered to John W. Foster, who made an enviable record as Minister to Mexico, and afterwards to Russia, and who has the rare accomplishment of speaking the language of the Madrid court. The new Minister to Corea, whose position as the first representative sent by any Western Power to that little-known country, will be peculiarly delicate, is Lucius H. Foote, who has been in the consular service for many years, and for the past four years was stationed at Valparaiso. The mission to Denmark, which was eagerly sought by persons with no other qualification than wealth or "influence," is given to Colonel Wickham Hoffman, who has been in the diplomatic service since 1867, and served with great credit at Paris, London and St. Petersburg. Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin, our first Minister to Persia, also appears well qualified for his out-of-the-way post at Teheran. In short, the whole list is most creditable to the judgment of the President, and goes far to restore the high average of his appointments from the low plane touched by some nominations last year.

MR. PARTRIDGE, our Minister to Peru, has got himself into trouble by uniting with the representatives of certain European States in requesting the intervention of their Governments to bring about a cessation of the Chili-Peruvian war. The meeting of diplomats, acting wholly without authority, really representing nobody but themselves, was held at Mr. Partridge's official residence, but he does not appear to have been at all conscious that he was guilty of a grave indiscretion in thus giving the sanction of his Government to a scheme of which it was ignorant, and which it could not possibly approve. His action appears the more unaccountable when it is understood that the German Minister refused to join in the movement, and that Great Britain and Italy were only represented by Secretaries of Legation, the Ministers of those Governments being absent from the capital. Our State Department, upon learning of Mr. Partridge's action, very properly communicated to him its disapproval, with instructions to inform his diplomatic colleagues at Lima of the fact, and cabled notice of such disapproval to our Ministers in Great Britain, France and Italy. The indiscreet Minister was at the same time informed that he could have leave of absence to return home, and he is now on his way hither. After his experience and that of the deceased Minister Hurlburt, it is scarcely probable that the position of United States representative to Peru will be coveted by any diplomat who has a reputation worth preserving.

#### 'NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

THE New Jersey Senate has rejected a Bill to reduce the legal rate of interest to five per cent.

THE Lower House of the Maine Legislature has passed a Bill restoring the death penalty in that State.

THE New York Assembly has killed the Bill allowing the selling of pools on race-tracks in this State.

THERE is such a depression in the glass trade of Pittsburg, Pa., that a general suspension of business is threatened.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND has vetoed the Bill providing for five-cent fares on the New York city elevated railways.

A CITIZENS' reform movement has been started in Cincinnati, where the evils of municipal misrule have become intolerable.

THE Senate last week confirmed the President's nominations of Messrs. Eaton, Gregory and Thomas as Civil Service Commissioners.

It is officially stated that there were 434 deaths from pneumonia in the City of Brooklyn during the quarter ending February 24th.

NEITHER the Grant Retiring Bill nor that restoring Fitz-John Porter to the army was acted upon by the House before its adjournment.

THE Texas Legislature has rejected a proposed Prohibition Bill, and in the Missouri Legislature, a prohibitory amendment to the State Constitution has been tabled.

THE New York Assembly has passed a Bill forbidding political assessments. The Bill is applicable to candidates for office as well as to occupants of official positions.

THE Massachusetts House has recommitted the Constitutional Amendment providing for biennial State elections and sessions of the Legislature, thus killing it for the present.

THE three naval cadets who refused to express regret for their insubordinate conduct during the recent demonstration at the Annapolis Academy have been dropped from the rolls.

THE bi-centennial of the New Jersey Legislature was celebrated at Trenton, March 1st, with historical addresses in the afternoon and a reception by the Governor in the evening.

NEGROES from the plantations in the river counties of Southeast Arkansas, Mississippi and North Louisiana are leaving in large numbers, fearing a repetition of the flood disasters of last year.

THE reduction of the public debt during the month of February amounted to \$7,630,678. The total reduction since June 30th, 1882, or for two-thirds of the current fiscal year, is \$102,638,346.

THE Bill increasing the pensions of soldiers and sailors who have lost an arm or a leg in the service was passed by Congress in the closing hours of the session. The Bill will add \$2,000,000 to the annual pensions expenditure.

THE State of California has brought suit against the Central Pacific Railway Company to recover \$1,942,500, with interest from 1864, being money advanced in aid of the construction of the road under an agreement which the company has failed to carry out.

GOVERNOR PATTERSON has sent a message to the Pennsylvania Legislature, urging that an investigation be made into certain charges that the Standard Oil Company has bribed employees of the State to suppress testimony in a suit for the recovery of taxes due the State treasury.

THE Naval Bill, as finally passed by Congress, appropriates \$15,894,000, being \$1,063,000 greater than the appropriation for the current fiscal year, and \$7,494,000 less than the estimates. The sum of \$1,000,000 is appropriated for the completion of three of the monitors.

THE Census Bureau reports that the forests of West Virginia have been largely removed from the Ohio River counties, and that the most valuable timber along the principal streams, especially the black walnut, cherry and yellow poplar, has been culled in nearly every part of the State.

THE House passed a new River and Harbor Bill by a vote of 112 yeas to 90 nays, but the Senate failed to concur. Among the Bills which failed in the House was that for the relief of the Supreme Court. The important question of the Presidential succession also failed to receive attention.

A LIQUOR-DEALER at Whitehall, N. Y., has been found guilty in a United States District Court of 457 offenses and fined \$9,000, with \$500 costs, and sentenced to a month's imprisonment. The alternative sentence in default of payment is eighty years' imprisonment. He has appealed from the decision.

THE President last week nominated James L. Benedict, to be Surveyor of the Port of New York, to succeed General C. K. Graham, who is made Naval Officer; Andrew J. Perry, to be General Appraiser of Merchandise, to succeed Alexander P. Ketchum, recently promoted to the Appraisership; Elihu Root, to be United States Attorney, in place of General Stewart L. Woodford; and Silas W. Burt, present Naval Officer, to be Chief Examiner of the Civil Service Commission. Mr. Burt subsequently declined, and Mr. Edward O. Graves was nominated in his place.

##### Foreign.

MR. GLADSTONE has returned to London from Cannes.

A MALADY, supposed to be the plague, has appeared in Kurdistan.

THE Empress of Germany has given 1,000 marks for the relief of the sufferers by the floods in America.

M. DE LESSERS will start for Tunis on March 12th in connection with the formation of the inland African sea.

THREE hundred women sailed last week from Limerick for New Hampshire, where they will be employed in a cotton mill.

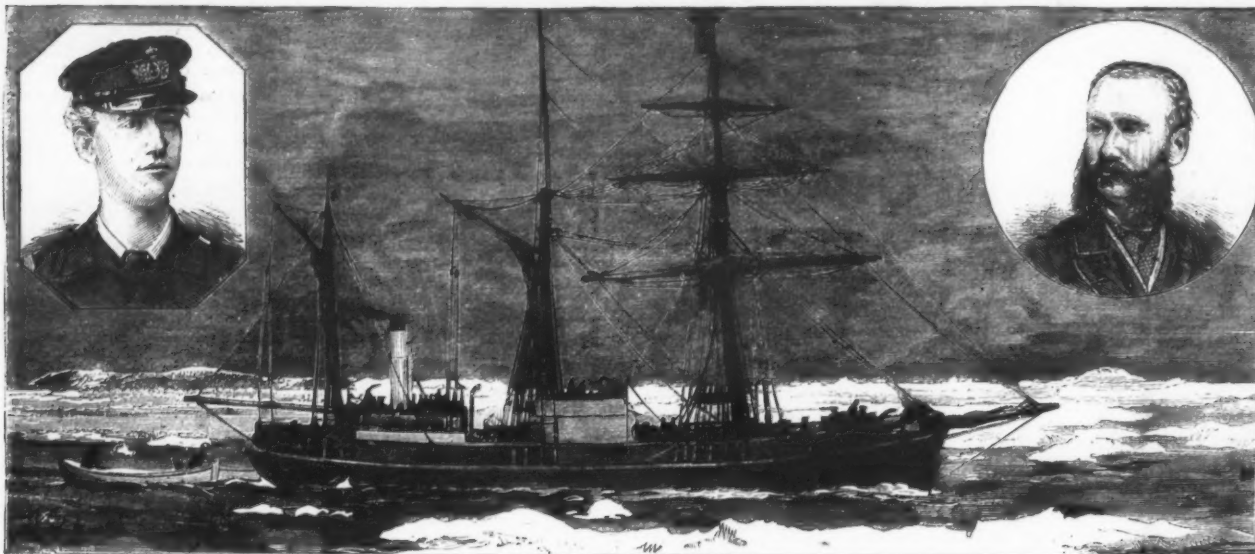
ELEVEN anarchists confined at Espera, in the province of Andalusia, Spain, have confessed, with 223 others, that they were engaged in a plot to murder land-lords.

THE Right Hon. Lyon Playfair has resigned the Deputy Speakership of the House of Commons, on account of ill health, and is succeeded by Sir Arthur Oway.

THE silver wedding festivities of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany, which were postponed at the time of the anniversary of the wedding on account of the death of Prince Charles, took place in Berlin, February 25th. The streets were thronged with people, and busts of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess were exhibited at various points in the city. On the 1st instant there was a historical costume pageant in the old Schloss, which is said to have presented a scene of unprecedented splendor.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 39.



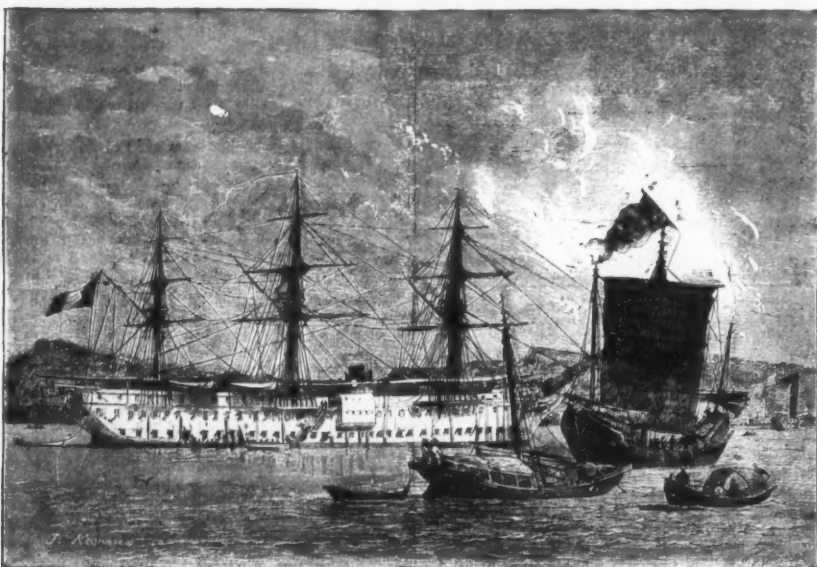
1. Lieut. Hovgaard, the Commander of the Expedition.

2. Herr Augustin Gamel, who sent out the Expedition.

THE DANISH NORTH-POLAR EXPEDITION—THE EXPLORING VESSEL "DJUPHNA."



THE RUSSIAN PRINCE KRAFOTKINE,  
CHIEF OF THE ANARCHISTS OF LYONS.



THE FRENCH EXPEDITION TO TONKIN.—THE TRANSPORT "LA CORREZE," WITH  
RECRUITS FOR THE EXPEDITIONARY CORPS.—SEE PAGE 45.



ITALY.—MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE WITNESSING THE CARNIVAL PROCESSION AT  
NICE, FROM THE PREFECTURE BALCONY.

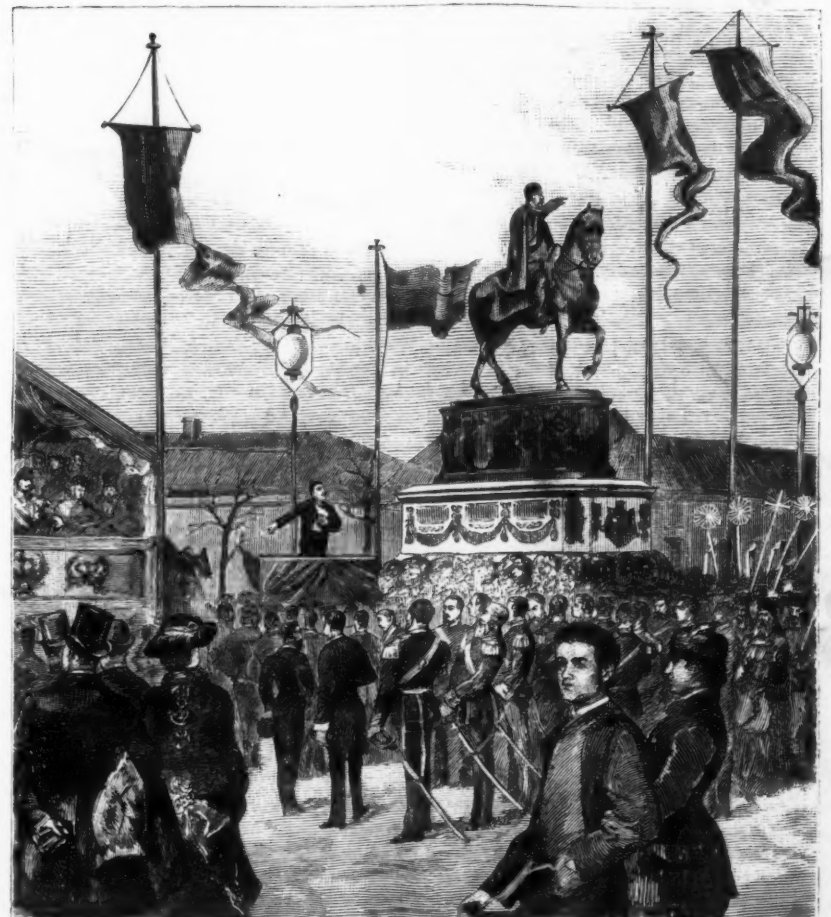


ITALY.—INAUGURATION OF THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS AT ROME—ARRIVAL  
OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.



1. Patrick Delaney, now under Sentence for Murder. 2. Kavanagh, the Car-driver.  
3. Kavanagh's Car. 4. Fitzharris, the Cabman.

IRELAND.—THE ASSASSINATION TRIALS AT DUBLIN—SOME OF THE ACCUSED.



SERVIA.—INAUGURATION OF THE MONUMENT OF PRINCE MICHAEL OF SERVIA,  
AT BELGRADE.



THE CORONATION OF KING KALAKAUA I.



KING KALAKAUA I.

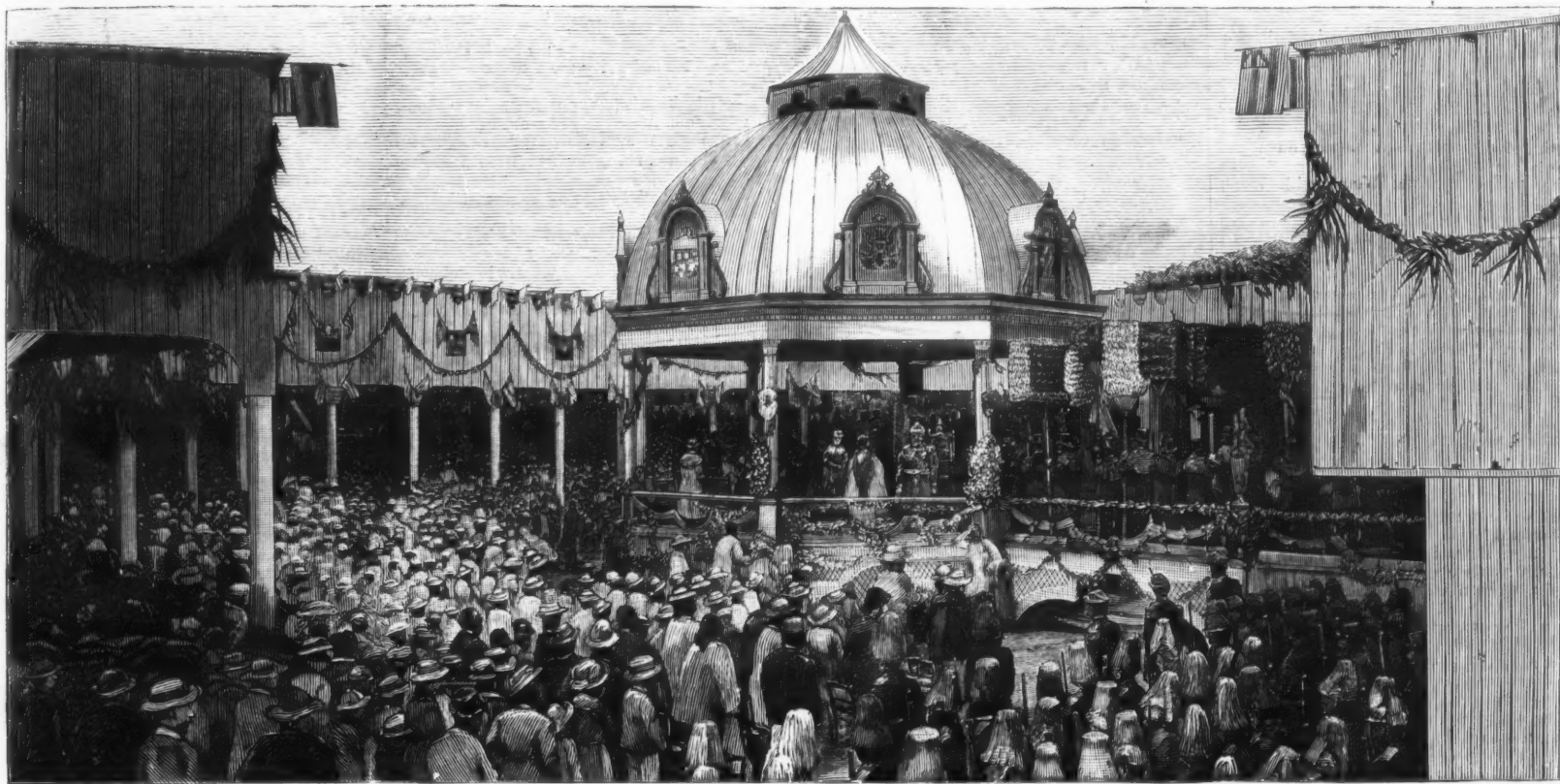
ON the 12th of February, the ninth anniversary of his accession to the throne, was crowned Kalakaua I., King of Hawaii. Kalakaua, who was elected to the throne on the death of Lunaillo, has always desired a crown, which none of his six predecessors possessed. The Legislature of 1880 appropriated \$10,000 for the purchase of a crown, and the Legislature of 1882 passed an appropriation of \$10,000 for the "coronation of his Majesty," and \$20,000 for the "reception of foreign guests and incidentals." The real expense, however, will far exceed the appropriations. No effort was spared to make it a grand and imposing affair, and some 3,000 invitations were sent to persons of rank in America, Europe and elsewhere. The only country sending a representative was Japan, and no visitors arrived from abroad to attend the ceremony. A large number of war-vessels was expected, but in the harbor there were only the United States steamships *La-kawanna* and *Wachusett*, and Her Britannic Majesty's steamship *Mutine*, and the French gunboat *Limier*.

At sunrise salutes were fired from the war-ships and shore batteries, and at ten o'clock a long procession, consisting of police, a portion of the fire department of Honolulu, various societies and school-children, marched to the palace. A large semi-circular pavilion, capable of seating some two or three thousand persons, had been erected immediately in front of and facing the main entrance of the palace, where the greater part of the people were seated. The official guests were accommodated on the verandas of the palace. The coronation took place in a small octagonal kiosk, erected between the steps of the palace and the pavilion, and which was reached from the veranda by a bridge.

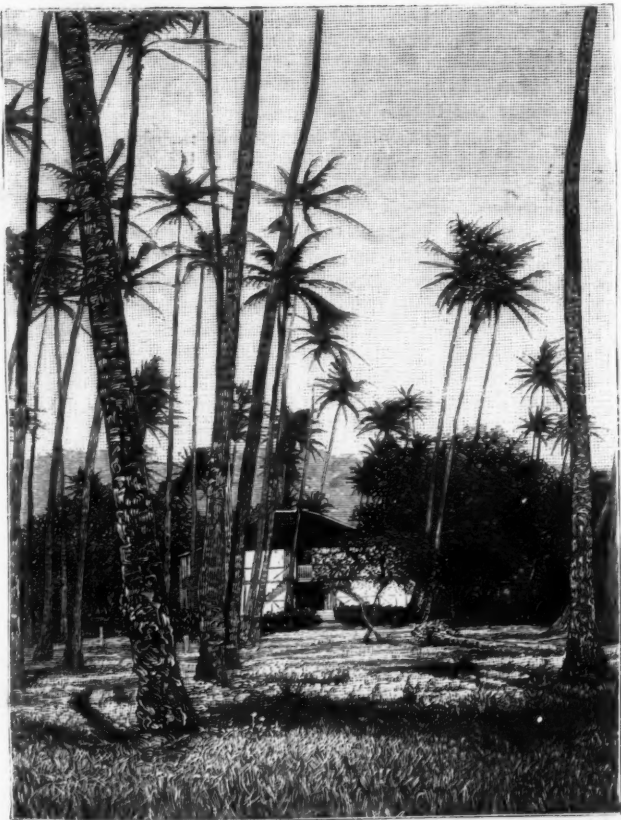
The royal party, in passing from the palace to the kiosk, were preceded by twenty-four bearers of *kahilis* (emblems of royalty made of beautiful feathers and borne on long poles), who marched down the steps in double file. The moment they appeared a native chanted a *mele*, extolling the kings of Hawaii, he being followed by a native woman, who chanted one in honor of the queens and chiefesses. The party was led by Hon. J. M. Kapena, followed by the King's Chamberlain, the Queen's two sisters, Governor Dominis and Princess Lilio-kalani (the King's sister, and heiress-apparent), the little Princesses Kalulani, Princess Likelike and Hon. A. Cleghorn, King Kalakaua and Queen Kapiolani, Chancellor Judd and Rev. A. Mackintosh. The people rose as the royal party advanced, and Mr. Kapena read a short address concerning the manner of the King's election, the offices he had held, the Orders he had received, etc. Chancellor Judd then administered the oath, which the King signed. The Chancellor then took from the Chamberlain the sword of state, which he presented to the King, who accepted and returned it. The same official then placed the royal robe of yellow feathers over the King's shoulders, fastening the same about his neck. He next placed a ring upon the King's finger. The Chancellor then took from a cushion, held



QUEEN KAPIOLANI.



THE CORONATION SCENE AT THE KIOSK IN FRONT OF THE ROYAL PALACE.



THE KING'S RESIDENCE AT WAIKIKI.

by an attendant, the sceptre, which he presented to the King, who thereupon seated himself. The crown was then taken from the cushion by Hon. Godfrey Rhodes, who passed it to the Chancellor, who, in turn, gave it to the King. His Majesty, standing again, placed it on his head, after which Chancellor Judd presented him with a second crown, which was placed upon the head of Queen Kapiolani. Rev. A. Mackintosh followed with a prayer and benediction, after which, at twelve o'clock noon, salutes were again fired from the shore and war-ships.

A large number of people were present at these ceremonies, but they were principally natives. The idea of a coronation was not popular among the foreign residents, and comparatively few were present except those occupying some official position. Queen Dowager Emma, Princess Ruth Keelikolani (half-sister of the late Kings Kamehameha IV. and V.), and other natives of rank, refused to attend. Other events expected to follow during the twelve days to be occupied by the festivities were: The unrolling of the statue of Kamehameha I., a state ball and banquet, racing, and *hosokuni*, or the giving of tribute to the King—an old native custom. The nights were mainly devoted to the dancing of the *hula-hula*—the Hawaiian dance.

RELIEVING SUFFERERS BY THE FLOODS.

THE great floods in the Ohio River have subsided considerably from the highest point, but the water is still far above the ordinary level. As it becomes possible to estimate more accurately the damage caused by the inundation, it is found that the loss is even heavier than was at first supposed. Through a region extending as far as the whole length of New York State, a strip of territory varying from three to thirty miles in width has been covered with water from three to thirty feet deep, and thousands of farmhouses and other buildings have been flooded, in whole or in part, or entirely swept away. The place where the greatest damage was done appears to have been Lawrenceburg, Ind. The whole town was under water, and more than two hundred houses rendered uninhabitable

since the flood. The refugees poured into the court-house, which contained, last week, a crowd of over 300 wretched sufferers. Fever and pneumonia added the terrors of sickness and death to the other horrors of the situation. Eleven deaths, directly traceable to the flood, had occurred before the close of February, and one of the schoolhouses was turned into a hospital.

But the necessity for aid from outside was no sooner known than contributions for the sufferers began to pour in from all over the country. The New York *Herald* took the lead in the good work of organizing a relief fund in the metropolis, and sent a large force of persons through the city to collect subscriptions, while drop-boxes were placed in the ferry-houses and other places about town, and contributions were also received at the business office of the paper. The public made a hearty response, and the *Herald* fund had reached a total of over \$25,000 by the close of February. The New York Stock Exchange



NATIVE DANCERS OF THE HULA-HULA.

HAWAII.—CORONATION OF KING KALAKAUA I., AT HONOLULU, FEBRUARY 12TH.

FROM PHOTOS. BY WILLIAMS & CO., HONOLULU, AND BY TABOR, SAN FRANCISCO.



also contributed \$10,000, while Mr. Vanderbilt sent \$2,500, Mr. Gould \$1,000, and other wealthy persons and corporations considerable sums. The generous response to the appeal has been most creditable to the metropolis. The lady and other solicitors have uniformly been received in business circles with the kindest liberality.

The work of the relief committees at Cincinnati, New Albany, and other points, has been vigorously prosecuted, steamers having been employed to visit the desolated communities with clothing and other needed supplies, while other agencies have been called into use wherever available. Our illustration depicts a scene at Lawrenceburg, Ind.

## "'49": The Gold-seeker of the Sierras.

By JOAQUIN MILLER.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED).

"FORTY-NINE" has silently and securely taken possession of the saloon. He sits with Carrots between his knees, puts back her hair from her face and kisses her as Colonel Billy comes forward.

"Well, Colonel Billy, old pard, how are you?"

Still spitting cotton, the colonel replies: "Dry, very dry. Total wreck, and dry."

"Dry! Ha, ha! Well, I ain't. That old tunnel is drip, drip, drip. Oh, my rheumatics! I'm not dry. I haint been dry for nigh onto twenty years, Colonel Billy."

"Well, I've been dry for nigh onto a thousand years, seems to me."

"Billy, you just wait. Just wait till I strike it in that tunnel, and we'll go to New York and buy—the Astor House. Yes, we will, bar and all."

"Good, good! But you won't strike it. No, you won't never strike it while I live. Why, if I wait for you to strike it in that old tunnel, I'll be so dry (hic) well, I'll be evaporated."

"Ha, ha, ha! There's gold in there. I've been here since '49, and I'd ought to know. I'll strike it yet, Colonel Billy. And you won't evaporate."

"Yes, I will evaporate. We all will. Won't we, boys?"

"Well then, come, let's have a drink. Come boys." And at this welcome summons they all rushed to the bar. "I feel chilled to the bone." And rising up and leading Carrots, who makes faces at Mississipp, he crosses over to the bar with the boys. "See there, boys, she did it. Took its eye out with the bow and arrows I made for her. There, barkeep. Have it for your dinner? Might have a meaner one. Yes, you might have a worse dinner than a chipmunk, barkeep."

Here Colonel Billy spits cotton furiously, for the whisky is poured out, and each man has his glass in his hand. But as no one ever drinks till the man who treats lifts his glass, the old colonel is suffering horribly.

"Why, when I came here in '49, that 'ere squirrel would ha' been a dinner fit for a king. Tough times, then, I tell you. Them's the times, too, when we used to have a man for breakfast; women were so bad, and whisky was so bad, Colonel Billy. Yes, yes! But now, that I've got that tunnel, and am going to strike it right away, I wouldn't eat chipmunk, no." He raises his glass, all are eager; and then he drops it again. The faces of the miners and Billy express the keenest disappointment.

Standing there with his glass in hand and resting on the bar in most provoking irresolution, to the dismay of all, he begins again:

"And when I do strike it and get back to my wife and little blue-eyed baby in the cradle on the banks of the Mississippi—" Here Carrots clings closer to him—"Oh, I'll take you, my girl. Oh, never do you fear, I'll take you. And I'll take a big buckskin bag of gold-dust, yellow and rich and beautiful as your beautiful hair, my girl. And we won't let 'em know we're comin' No. We'll just slip up to the cabin there; slip up through the corn, and just slip in quiet like, while my wife's leanin' on the mantel and lookin' the other way, and then we'll crawl up to the little cradle settin' in the middle of the floor, and we'll pour the gold down in the cradle at that baby's feet as it lies there a crowsin', and my wife will turn and see it all—gold, gold, gold!"

"'49! '49! Old pard! You mustn't think of that, you know. Your head. You mustn't talk of the States. You know it makes you (hic) wild to talk of the States."

Then there is a long pause, an awkward silence. "'49" is in absolute possession of the place. The miners do not seem to care to drink now. Perhaps they, too, are thinking.

"I forgot, I forgot. Forgive me, boys. Here's to—to—her."

And, as he lifted his glass, he turned, and for the first time saw young Devine.

"Friscochap, eh? Have a drink, stranger?"

"No, thank you, I rarely drink."

"Rarely drinks! Well, he ain't from 'Frisco!" mused "'49."

Gully suddenly looks up. As his startled eyes fall upon the stranger he becomes pale as death. Then he starts from the table.

"Charley Devine!" he mutters between his set teeth. "By all that's devilish, he's found this out-of-the-way place, without his papers, and, I hope, without money. Well, here's for the game of bluff. Fortune favors the brave," and, by a supreme effort, he cries, "Hello, Charley."

"Gully, who'd have thought of seeing you here," cries Devine. "Lucky Tom Gully, I heard them call you. Well, I'm the lucky man this time, for I'm flat broke."

"Good! Flat broke! He does not even suspect me," says the villain to himself. "I'm your friend, Charley, and will help you. But what's the trouble?"

"Well, you see, I was very mellow that night I started; had gambled off all my money,

and when I got sober the next day I found that I had either lost the papers, or, in the hurry of my leaving, Colonel Snowe had given me the wrong package. Only some old papers of yours, where you had been sued for a tailor's bill! Well, you know how gruff and stern Snowe is. I couldn't go back; and, then, I wanted to try and find something about my father; if possible, to find his grave. And as I knew the name of this place, I at last managed to get here. But how is it you are here?"

"Treat an old miner? Been here since '49. Spring of '50. Treat an old miner? Total wreck—total wreck," observed the comet, as it comes around in its orbit between the two men.

"Billy, you're drunk," and Gully pushes him aside.

"No offense, stranger, no offense. Total wreck, total wreck."

And the fiery comet sweeps on around in its orbit to "'49."

"And you come here to mine?" queries Devine, as he looks Gully steadily in the face.

"To marry."

"To marry? Why, there are no marriageable ladies here in this dreadful place, are there?"

"There is one marriageable lady, and I am engaged to her."

"I congratulate you."

And the frank and unsuspecting young man gives the other his hand.

"It's queer, Carrots," says "'49" to the girl, who has been looking curiously at the stranger. "The new one looks square. But that Lucky Tom is three-cornered. He is as triangular as a dinner-gong. Let's see what's going on."

The old man rises up and Carrots dances across before the miners, and stops suddenly in front of Devine.

"Stranger, hello! What's your name?"

"Well, my little lady, this man here, Colonel Billy, says my name is Mr. Beaver. Ha, ha! Mr. Charley Beaver then. Now, what's your name, my little girl?"

"Carrots—just Carrots. That's all."

"Good-evening, sir," says "'49."

"Good-evening, sir. Carrots! Queer name. Eh, sir?"

"Yes, you see we call her Carrots, because—well, because her hair is like gold, sir. Twenty carats fine, and all pure gold. That's why, sir. And sing: why she sings like a bird." And here Carrots sings a couplet and dances across the room. "Just look at that. When I strike it in my tunnel I'm goin' to take her back with me to the States, sir; to tend and sing to my little baby. Have a drink, Mr.—Mr.—Charley Beaver?"

"Well—thank you. Don't care if I do now. It's damp out of doors. Then I want to know you better, sir. You look to me as if you might be the king of these Sierras. Yes, I will drink with you."

"That's right. You see I'm old '49. The boys all know me. I'm goin' to strike it in my tunnel next week, and go back to the States. I'm tired of this. Tired, tired. I want to see my wife and baby."

"Why, what part of the States?"

Again the comet has made the circle. It sweeps in between the two gentlemen; a way it has, as if it knew a great deal more than it pretends to. The colonel lays a hand on the young man's shoulder.

"Stranger! Mr. Charley Beaver. Don't, don't you never get him on that. He's a little—"

And here Colonel Billy taps his head gravely. "You see, he's been waitin' so long and been hopin' so long, it's turned him jest a little. No. Never let him talk about that. He's all right on other things, but not that. Never, never, let him talk of the States, stranger—never of a wife and a wee bit of a baby in the cradle."

"Well, then, I won't."

"I want my bow," cries Carrots to Mississipp. For she has left the side of "'49" for a moment.

"Daughters of hers, eh? Well, they don't look much like sisters."

"They ain't. That is, I reckon they ain't, though she says they are her daughters. But guess they ain't. I've been here since '49, and I'd ought to know."

"Go and wash them dishes, I say," thunders the old woman, as she throws Carrots across the floor to her corner next the door leading to the kitchen.

"Now, look at that," says "'49."

"Well, I should think neither of them were her daughters. It is one of the laws of nature that monsters cannot propagate their kind."

"She's a tough citizen, I can tell you."

"Tell me, where did these girls come from?"

"That's more than the oldest of us here can tell. You see these mountains were full of people once. Full, like a full tide of the sea, when we first found gold here. The tide went out, and left the driftwood and sea-weeds and wrecks. These are of them: I am of them."

"But Carrots; where did she come from?"

"Don't know, I say. She was first seen, a mere baby, beggin' about among the miners with some Injuns. They took the Injuns to the Reservation; the Injuns died, and I went down and got my little Carrots and brought her back to the mountains, else she had died, too."

"And, when was this you first saw her among the Indians? Spring of '57, eh?" chimes in the comet, as again in its orbit it pokes its fiery nose between the men.

"Yes, guess it was," says "'49." "He's got a memory. Was a great lawyer once."

"Yes, and don't you know, '49, we first called Carrots 'The baby'?"

"Yes; and do you remember the time she stole some raw turnips?"

"Yes; and ate 'em, and got the colic, and like to died?"

"Yes; and Poker Jack got on his mule to go to Mariposa for the doctor."

"Yes; and got into a poker game, and didn't get back for four days."

"Yes; and the doctor didn't come, and so the baby got well."

"Just so. Just so, '49"; and the comet swept on, shaking its head a bit at the memory of departed days.

"Thank you. And the other one, '49?"

"Well, that mout be her child; but I guess she got picked up, too, by old Mississipp. Wanted 'em to sing and dance, you know, for the boys. But, you see Belle, she's stuck up. Guess she's got blood in her. I don't like her at all like I do my little Carrots; but I guess she's of better stock. Leastwise, the old cat there makes a heap of her. But, I tell you, she just knocks the head off Carrots about four times a day. And when I strike it in that tunnel I—"

Carrots comes running from old Mississipp, making faces back over her shoulder, singing and laughing as she gets behind "'49" for protection.

"That's her; that's Carrots all over. Got no dignity, but lots of heart."

Devine is thoughtful for a moment, and then says to himself:

"This can't be the girl. Water finds its level. She has sunk to the kitchen. The other one is the lady. I will talk to Gully. He seems to be most intimate with her. What does it mean?"

"What, ain't goin' to bed, are you?" says "'49," as the young man turns away.

"Oh, yes, '49. Let him go. You'll drink too much, and have one of your spells again," cries little Carrots, as she clings to the hand of her only friend on earth. "Come, let's go up to the cabin." Then she darts back behind the bar and steals her bow and arrows, and escapes with a blow on her back, administered by Mississipp, that causes her to fairly shriek.

"What's the matter, now? Poor gal. But don't she catch it when I'm sick. Just like that all the time, when the boys or me ain't about. What's the matter now?"

"She's just almost broke my back, she has."

"Here, Carrots, bring me a footstool," cries Belle.

"There! That's for your feet. Now, don't you want something for your head?" answers the waif, making a face as she throws down a dirty butter-firkin, covered with a rag of carpet.

"Don't you make faces at me," cries Belle, threateningly.

"Come here, Carrots, and give us a song, and then we'll go," says "'49."

"Yes, a song," shout the miners in a chorus.

"I ain't got no song," says Carrie, pouting.

"Yes, just one song for the boys, Carrots, and we'll go up to the old cabin."

"Give us 'The Days of Forty-nine,' they all shout.

"Shall I, '49? Will you, boys, all join in?"

"Yes, yes."

"I will assist," says the comet, clearing its throat.

"All right. Join in the chorus all of you." And, smoothing down her storm of hair, she sings in a clear, sweet voice, while every miner roars in chorus:

We have worked out our claims, we have spent our gold,  
Our barks are astrand on the bars;  
We are battered and old; yet at night we behold  
Overcroppings of gold in the stars.  
And though few and old, our hearts are bold;  
Yet oft do we repine  
For the days of old,  
For the days of gold—  
For the days of Forty-nine.  
Chorus.—And though few and old, our hearts are bold, etc.

Where the rabbits play, where the quail all day  
Pipes on, in the chaparral hill,  
A few more days, and the last of us lays  
His pick aside and is still.  
Though battered and old, our hearts are bold;  
Yet oft do we repine  
For the days of old,  
For the days of gold—  
For the days of Forty-nine.  
Chorus.—Though battered and old, our hearts are bold, etc.

"Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!" shout the miners, while all grope in their empty pockets, and shake their heads mournfully.

"There's a dollar for you, and the last I have," says Devine, to the girl, aside.

"She will lock me in the cellar and take it away if she knows it, Mississipp will, unless I give it up."

"Keep it, Carrots," says "'49," as they see the old woman watching them.

"Lock you in the cellar? I thought giants lived here, who righted wrongs on the spot." Devine has been drinking and is growing querulous.

"We are total wrecks," says the fiery comet.

"Ah, yes. The victors have gone away, and only the unfortunate, the dead, wounded and prisoners, are left," sighs "'49."

"Yes, sir; we are total wrecks," mutters Colonel Billy.

"How hard the old monster is to one, and how kind to the other," says Devine.

"There's somethin' wrong, somethin' wrong, Mr. Beaver. Time alone can set it even. Come, Carrots, we must get back to the cabin," says "'49," starting to his feet.

"And may I not come to the cabin, too, some day, sir?"

"You will be as welcome as the warm winds of these Sierras, sir."

"But we've got a bulldog tied to the door," says Carrots. "Got it for him," pointing to Gully.

"I will come, dog or no dog," laughs Devine.

"We drink water out of the same spring with the grizzly bear," says "'49."

"Drinks water! Bah! Like a hoss!" chips in the comet.

"I've got a great tunnel up there. I've bored half a mile into that mountain, sir."

"I will come." Then an impulse seizes upon Devine, one which he cannot control.

"I—I— May I not come to-night? I am a stranger, and poor, and—"

"Poor, and a stranger?" and "'49" grasps his hand. "You are my guest. And when you are ready we'll go."

"I'm so glad," says Carrots, aside, and she begins to brush and fix herself up. "I like the looks of him. I wonder if he likes the looks of me?"

"One word to my old friend here, and we will go." And he crosses to the table and talks to Gully aside. "I can't say how glad I am to find an old friend here. I was in a great strait. But this old miner has kindly offered me shelter in his cabin, so that I am all right. Still, I may need a few dollars to push this business I was sent out on—"

"Look here," interrupts Gully. "You are an innocent. That business don't need pushing. I will attend to that."

"What do you mean?" Devine is excited; the other is sober and cool.

"Just what I said. There is the prize. There sits the heiress. Now, keep your secret, as I do mine, and win her from me if you can. But tell her who she is, or who I am, and you shall never leave these mountains."

For a second Devine is speechless from amazement.

"And this is the girl you are engaged to?" he at length blurts.

"The same. The heiress."

"And you intend to ruin the girl I have been sent out to save?"

"Ruin her? I intend to make a lady of her. What is she now? With her fortune I will make a lady of her, and myself a gentleman."

"That is impossible, sir."

"Beware!"

"Oh, I say, you ain't got any secrets, eh? You two hain't puttin' up no game on us, eh?" sneered the suspicious old woman.

"Secrets? Ha, ha, ha! I never saw the man before in my life," laughs Gully; then he continues aside to Devine. "Now you know the game I play. Beware!"

"I must and will save that girl." And Devine starts towards Belle. "I have a duty to perform, and will do it."

Gully steps before him. "You must and shall keep this secret."

Devine pushing past him says, wildly and excitedly, to Belle: "You must not marry this man till you know who he is—who you are; you are a lady."

"As if we didn't know all that, ha, ha!" laughs Mississipp.

"Hear me!" cries Devine. "I am sent here to save you. The proofs—the papers, I had—"

Suddenly Gully steps between, and holding up the papers with the great red seal, exclaims triumphantly:

"And I have—"

"What! My papers!" cries Devine, wildly.

Very coolly Gully answers: "No, mine! all is fair in love and in war. I am the victor."

"You are a colossal liar and an impudent thief," cries Devine, in a paroxysm of honest anger.

Gully grasps his bowie knife and plunges at Devine, but old "'49," tall and straight and terrible in his silent rage, strides between the two, and clutching Gully by the wrist, holds him out at arm's length as in a vise, till the great knife drops heavily with its point in the floor.

And then "'49" and young Devine, urged away by the ragged and wretched little girl, pass out into the storm together.

### CHAPTER VII.—IN THE DARK.

The gold that with the sunlight lies  
In bursting heaps at dawn,  
The silver sparkling from the skies  
At night to walk upon;  
The diamonds gleaming with the dew  
He never saw, he never knew.

IT is not permitted those who seek only this world's goods and glory to see anything in heaven, or above the muck and mud of the earth. Gully was of this class. And although he was the brightest and most elegant in appearance of all this motley crew, his soul was heavy as lead; his heart as dark as the deep tunnel of "'49."

Blood is a solid cement. Nothing holds brave and good men together like the memory of trials and battles shared. And, although no blood had been shed on the memorable night alluded to at the end of the last chapter, yet enough was done to bring the great and honest souls closely together, and bind them in bonds above any selfish consideration.

A stranger and friendless, young Devine was only too glad to accept the hospitality of old "'49." The three, dripping with the storm, cold and hungry, crept together up the cañon, and into the miserable old cabin. All were silent. The young man had not a dollar in his pocket, and the frugal breakfast told him but too plainly how poor was his new-found friend. But "'49," as usual, was rich in hope, and soon his glowing accounts of the possibilities of the old tunnel fired the youth; and before noon old "'49" led his new partner deep into the mountain, and there, by the dim light of the dripping candle, instructed him in the mysteries of gnome-land.

And it was high time, too, that he had some one to take the pick from his now feeble and failing hand.

How the pick clanged and rung now, against the hard gray granite and quartz! There is no intoxication like that of the miner's who is forced to feel that the very next blow may make him a millionaire. This old man was an enthusiast, on this one subject at least, and he imparted his enthusiasm to his new partner.

And yet, the young man was not acting without great deliberation. He considered all things carefully, and decided that his post of duty was right there in the camp, as close to the side of the unfortunate heiress as might be—to watch her and guard her, and protect, and, if possible, save her from ruin. He had at once written to the old lawyer in St. Louis, and also to his mother, telling them both what there was to tell, tenderly speaking of the two white graves on the rocky ridge which he so often gazed upon.

He was confident that the lawyer, Snowe,



and, perhaps, his mother, would come to him at once. Yet the place was remote from railroads, and the mails were few and far between, so he must patiently wait. In the meantime, penniless as he was, what better could he possibly do than work while he waited?

Weeks, months, stole by. The old man was merely able to hobble about now, and rarely ventured into the damp, dripping and dreadful tunnel. The youth, too, was breaking under his toil and the scant living. His clothes were in tatters. The sharp stones had cut his boots to pieces, and he was literally barefoot. And there was no sign of gold. Every evening he would take down to the old cabin specimens of the last rock he had wrenched from the flinty front of the wall. These old "49" would clutch up in his trembling hands and turn over, and examine with his glass. Then he would lay them down with a sigh, shake his head, and, lighting his pipe, would sit there by Carrie and gaze into the fire in silence.

Young Devine was becoming fearfully discouraged. Perhaps the old man was, too, but no sign was permitted to escape his lips.

Meanwhile the enmity between the parties in the cabin and the parties down at the saloon was not permitted to die out.

Trust a woman like old Mississipp to keep hatred alive between men.

The renewed advances of Devine had but served to reap indignities, so he resolved to attempt nothing more till help arrived from St. Louis. Ah me, but he was weary of waiting.

He was almost naked; he was bent and broken from toil; he was hungry; he was literally starving. Yet he could see that Dossan and Emens were at work every day in the tunnel on their side of the spur; and their energy somehow impelled him to toil on while strength was left to him to lift a pick.

Once he heard a dull, heavy thud. He put his ear to the wall before him, and he could hear the stroke of their drills against the granite. He now knew that only a narrow wall of a few feet divided them.

It was idle, vain to hope, that in the narrow wall could be found the fortune for which "49" had toiled so long and patiently. The young man was now utterly discouraged. Despair was approaching close. He could not, he would not, attempt another blow.

That afternoon, as usual, he picked up the nearest fragment of rock, and taking his pick on his shoulder, crept out of the tunnel, determined to return thither no more.

As he passed out of the mossy and fern-grown mouth of the tunnel, it seemed to be dripping more than ever. It had been a hot day, and he surmised that the water came from the melting snow above, on the steep mountain height.

Down at the cabin, with some flowers in her hand, stood a little girl. She had grown almost to womanhood, and some one loved her now. She kept arranging the flowers, holding her pretty head to one side, and now and then looking up the trail as she talked to herself.

"Hump! No dandy Charley now. No black coat, no black pants, no high hat now. Oh, he's the raggedest man in the mountains; and that's saying he's pretty ragged, I tell you. And I do believe he's sometimes hungry. I've gathered him these flowers. He likes flowers. We've gathered lots of flowers together. I'll put them on his table out here, in the doorway, under the tree, where he and '49' eat their dinner, when they have any dinner. Poor little Carrots, that Mississipp says is so bad! I wonder if I am bad? I do lie, that's so; I do steal a little; but I am not bad. There, Charley, is a kiss for you on the sweet flowers."

And so talking to herself, and arranging the flowers, the child did not see the silent and gloomy old "49" who had just returned to the cabin, and stood there before the door, with his gun on his shoulder and a coon in his hand.

Some one has said that these old Californians kept the secrets of their previous lives, and took new names to conceal their questionable past.

"Oh, no; not for that did these men close their lips to their fellows. But the baby at home, the wife waiting there—these were their gods. Around these they drew the magic circle of desolate silence. No man there, save in the hour of death, when gold and messages were to be given up to be taken to them by the trusted partner, talked of his love or his little ones.

This home, hearthstone, far away, was a shrine that lay in the innermost heart of the temple, where day and night these strong men knelt and worshipped.

And so do not wonder that "49" never talked when sober of the past to this stranger.

Once, twice, thrice had the boy attempted to lead the miner up to the subject of the white graves out yonder on the rocky ridge; but each time, almost savagely, he turned away.

And it was a delicate subject for the boy to talk upon. For who could care to talk of a father who had died a felon? Somehow, from what the men said on the hill as he first came into camp, or from their manner of saying what they did, he came to think that that tree had something to do with his father's death. He wanted to know of a certainty if the two unfortunate beings buried there were hanged on this dead oak under which they lay. But "49" would answer not one word touching the two graves that glared there in the October sun. And so in his heart the young man whose name now had crystallized and shaped itself as in the mockery of his present plight into that of "Dandy" or "Dandy Charley," resolved to ask Colonel Billy, and find out all the facts possible concerning his dead father ere his mother could reach the rough mining camp.

(To be continued.)

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

### The Danish Polar Expedition.

The Danish North Polar Expedition which left Copenhagen in July last, with the hope of reaching Port Dickson before the winter, was last heard from at the entrance of the Kara Sea, where it had been frozen in on the 17th of September. The expedition steamer is the *Dryad*, 100 feet long and 23 in width, and had been specially fortified for the voyage, her bow and sides being to the water-line two feet in thickness. Her commander, Lieutenant A. Hovgaard, of the Royal Danish Navy, was a member of Nordenskjöld's expedition in the *Vega*. Recently a report appeared in the Russian press that the wreck of a vessel, believed to be that of the *Dryad*, had been discovered south of the Island of Walgalch, but it has since been shown that this report referred to the wreck of a Russian whaler, and there seems to be no good reason to doubt that the expedition, getting free from the pack during the equinoctial storms of October, has safely reached her winter quarters. The expedition is provisioned for two years and a half, and is well supplied with dogs, sleighs and portable boats. It was equipped almost entirely at the expense of Herr Augustin Gamel, of Copenhagen, whose intention it is, should the *Dryad* discover a route northwards but be unable to proceed further than the north of Franz Josef Land, to send out a second expedition in the summer of 1895 to follow up such a discovery. For this, arrangements have partly been made, and the necessary funds already promised.

### Prince Krapotkin.

A petition largely signed by prominent Englishmen has recently been sent to the President of the French Republic, appealing to his clemency on behalf of Prince Krapotkin, sentenced to five years' detention in a French prison. The petitioners represent that, in view of the Prince's great services to science and the cause of geographical research, and of the fact that the sentence passed upon him is practically a sentence of death, owing to his greatly impaired health, his restoration to the pursuits in which he excels and to the studies to which he has devoted his high abilities would not only be an act of humanity, but one that would result in still further contributions of great value to scientific literature. It is scarcely probable that the memorial will be favorably entertained, the political offenses of the Prince having been too serious to be overlooked in the present condition of French affairs.

### The Palace of Fine Arts at Rome.

The Palace of Fine Arts, the foundation-stone of which was laid a little over a year ago, is completed. It stands on the Piazza Nazionale. Its facade is of the Corinthian order, and is exceedingly imposing. The principal group of statues over the entrance represents Art, supported on either side by Peace and Study. Four statues, Painting, Sculpture, Architecture and Art, surmount the principal columns. The statues of Phidias, Apelles, Apollo, Bramante, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Rembrandt, Bernini, Canova, Delacroix, Luca del Robia and Benvenuto Cellini, ornament other portions of the edifice, especially the vestibule, which leads to the grand staircase. Rich columns divide this vestibule into three sections. The first floor is devoted to Sculpture, and the second to Industrial Art. Galleries of the same style as the principal facade extend along the right of the palace. The inauguration took place on the 21st of January. The Royal family, and all the dignitaries of the Court, the members of the Senate and Chambers, the Corps Diplomatique, together with all the foreign celebrities staying in the Eternal City, were present. At the conclusion of the opening address, the King descended from the dais and congratulated Signor Piacentini on the success of his *chef d'œuvre*.

### The Dublin Assassins.

We give sketches of some of the principal figures in the recent examinations at Dublin as to the assassination conspiracy. Michael Kavanagh, the car-driver, turned informer against some of his associates, and confessed that he drove the four assassins into the Phoenix Park at the time of the murder of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke. Patrick Delaney, who has already been tried and sentenced to penal servitude for an attempt to kill Mr. Justice Lawson, is shown by Kavanagh's evidence to have been in the Park at the moment of the assassination, and is believed to have been an accomplice. He was driven to the Park by James Fitzharris, a cabman, whose portrait is also given.

### Mr. Gladstone at Nice.

Among the distinguished visitors to the carnival at Nice, Italy, last month, were the Prince of Wales and Mr. Gladstone, the latter of whom witnessed, from the balcony of the Prefecture, the procession and was the recipient of marked attention. Wearing a tall hat—the only one visible in the city—his conspicuous position made him a target for all the confetti, thousands of the throwers of which pelted the illustrious statesman without knowing who their victim was. The Premier received this inevitable shower of plaster pellets with the utmost good humor, protecting his face with a little wire mask, and laughing gayly all the time. He did not, however, make any attempt to return the fire, although Mrs. and Miss Gladstone entered with great ardor into the excitement of confetti throwing.

### Monument to Prince Michael of Servia.

On the 18th of last December the grand equestrian monument to the ill-fated Prince Michael of Servia was unveiled at Belgrade to an enormous and notable gathering, and with considerable enthusiasm from the assembled throng. The sculptor is Professor Enrico Pazzi, who has added another laurel leaf to his crown of fame in this most artistic and superb work. Michael was to Servia what Victor Emmanuel was to Italy. He was born on the 4th of September, 1823, at Kragevatz, where, from being in a very humble position, he raised himself to the highest consideration, through independence, ability and valor. He fell beneath the knife of the assassin on the 10th of June, 1868, at the moment when he was meditating a more effective independence for his dearly loved land.

### Death-roll of the Week.

FEBRUARY 25TH.—At Orange, N. J., Stephen W. Tichenor, long Judge and formerly Mayor, aged 70; at Charlotte, N. C., John M. Cloud, ex-Judge of the Superior Court. February 26th.—In New York city, Mrs. Esther E. Jewell, widow of the late ex-Governor Jewell of Connecticut, aged 45; at Evansville, Ind., A. S. Robinson, a prominent lawyer and formerly Judge, aged 74; at Paris, France, Count Edmond Charles de Martiney, the French general, aged 74. February 27th.—At Ellsworth, Me., Joseph T. Grant, ex-Mayor, and a large lumber dealer; at Winnipeg, Manitoba, John Colley James, Chief Engineer of the Canada Pacific Railway. February 28th.—In New York city, George L. Haight, Secretary of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, aged 61. March 1st.—In New York city, D. A. Williamson, formerly a prominent merchant, aged 63; at Richmond, N. Y., Stephen D. Stephens, a leading Democrat, aged 75; at Newburg, N. Y., James W. Taylor, a leading lawyer and formerly Judge, aged 55; at St. Paul, Minn., General James H. Simpson, a prominent engineer officer, aged 69. March 2d.—In New York city, William Fletcher, a well-known engine-builder, aged 59; at Washington, D. C., Dudley M. Dubois, ex-Congressman from Georgia, aged 49; at Cincinnati, O., General Peter J. Sullivan, formerly Minister to Colombia, aged 62; at San Francisco, Cal., Mrs. John Torrance, formerly a favorite actress, aged 74.

## THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Alpi, the highest mountain in the Philippines, has only recently been ascended by scientific explorers. It is a volcano, and 10,824 feet high.

In Lyons, France, the cold bath method of treating typhoid fever has been adopted with marked success. In the civil hospitals the death rate was reduced from twenty-six to nine per cent., and in private practice to one or two per cent.

A Soap Mine has been discovered in California. The substance is a deposit of white earth, free from grit and impregnated with a small percentage of potash. It is easily sliced into bars, and for cleaning purposes is a fair substitute for manufactured soap.

A Chicago Man claims to have a process for making gas by which the usual by-products, coke, tar, ammonia and fixed carbon, are so utilized that from a ton of coal there is produced 40,000 cubic feet of gas, instead of 10,000 or 12,000, the average product by the present system. Works to test the process are to be put at Elgin, Ill.

M. Tissandier, the French aeronaut, is projecting the manufacture of an elliptical balloon, which is to be driven by a dynamo machine and storage batteries. The balloon will be 131 feet long, and will have a capacity of more than 100,000 cubic feet. It is calculated to give a lifting power of 8½ tons, and will, when the machinery is in place, allow for a ton of passengers and ballast.

The Anthropological Society of Paris has received from one of its members, Dr. Benzenre, a report of the autopsy of General Skobeleff, showing that the weight of the brain, according to Broca's system, was 1467, which is considerably above the mean for ordinary adult Europeans of his height (1.73 m) and even slightly above that hitherto given for men of exceptionally great intellect.

The Smallest Flower in the world is the *Wolffia Columbiana*, a plant of such small size that no one except a botanist, aware of its existence and anxious to find it, would be likely to observe it. It has now been found growing on a pond near Nashville, Tenn., where the surface of the pool was covered with a green scum, which, on a close inspection, was found to consist of two distinct little plants.

A Member of the Paris "Ecole Pratique d'Acclimatation" has discovered a species of spider on the African coast, the firm and long web of which resembles yellow silk very closely, and is said to be almost as good as the product of real silkworms. The syndicate of the Lyons silk merchants has closely investigated the matter, and the result is reported as highly favorable. There seems to be no difficulty in the way of acclimatizing the new silk producer in France.

Recent Experiments by M. Corne showed that the glowing of phosphorus is due to volatilization of the phosphorus and subsequent production of ozone by electrical energy generated by the volatilization of the phosphorus. Phosphorus does not glow in pure oxygen at high pressures because volatilization is impeded and at a certain limit becomes too slow to oxidize the oxygen. Gases which hinder the formation of ozone also prevent phosphorescence.

A Favorite Antidote for rattlesnake poison in Mexico is a strong solution of iodine in potassium iodide. Mr. H. H. Croft has tested some of the poison itself with this solution, and finds that a light-brown amorphous precipitate is formed, the insolubility of which explains the beneficial action of the antidote. When iodine cannot be readily obtained, a solution of potassium iodide, to which a few drops of ferric chloride has been added, can perhaps be used as an antidote to snake poison.

Dr. Salvati, of Venice, who revived the extinct industry of Venice in stained glass and glass mosaic, is about to make a companion present to the mosaic portrait of Lincoln which he gave to the United States some years ago. The new portrait is that of Garfield, done in mosaic like the Lincoln. Salvati has a branch agency in London for his fine glass, and has done a great deal of restoration of mosaic work and of original mosaic work in Rome and other Italian cities. His workmen have restored the great mosaics on the upper part of the facade of the cathedral at Orvieto.

Professor Forel, practicing with the albuminized paper of photographers, reached the conclusion that light cannot penetrate water to a greater depth than about 12½ feet. More recently, however, some more sensitive plates have been exposed at a depth of 300 feet under water, and the traces of light were distinctly left on the plates. Light must therefore penetrate clear water at least 300 feet, while rays so feeble as to escape detection by any known means, and yet so powerful as to exert an influence upon some forms of subaqueous life, may reach still greater depths.

Geological Examination of the delta of the Mississippi shows that for a distance of about three hundred miles there are buried forests of large trees, one over the other, with interspaces of sand. Two distinct forest growths of this description have been observed, which it is believed must have succeeded each other. Of these trees, known as the bald cypress, some have been found over twenty-five feet in diameter, and one contained 5,700 rings; in some instances, too, huge trees have grown over the stumps of others equally large. From these facts geologists have assumed the antiquity of each forest growth at 10,000 years, or 100,000 for all.

Mr. Robert Sabine has devised an ingenious comparison photometer on the wedge principle which is well known to astronomers. A wedge of neutral tinted glass is placed in the track of a beam of light from the source to be measured and adjusted until a certain thickness of the glass partially dilutes the ray, which is reflected by a mirror upon a disk of opal glass. An adjoining disk of the same description is illuminated by a standard oil lamp. The wedge is moved in and out until the illumination of the two disks becomes practically the same, and the thickness of the wedge on the scale indicates the relative proportion of the lights.

The British Museum has just acquired an interesting collection of thirty-nine silver objects which were found together on the site of ancient Babylon. The collection consists of fragments of a liver dish, the broken handle of a vase, and coins, most of which have been clipped. The articles have evidently been broken purposely by a practiced hand, with the view of using the metal again; and the collection is probably the remains of a silver-smith's or coiners' shop. Among the coins is a Lycian one in good preservation. So far as can be judged from the vase-handle and dishes, the art is distinctly Babylonian under Persian influence, and the workshop may date from the conquest of Alexander.

Foreign Mechanical Journals seem pretty generally to have come to the conclusion that shape and dimensions of a propeller for vessels are for the most part a matter of cut and try—as they say, more pitch, less pitch, greater area, more diameter, less diameter, fewer blades or more blades, are all changes that at some time or other are made upon screws that do not perform as they should. Now, this problem of screws for steamships would be greatly simplified if the modeling of the vessel for which the propeller is intended were taken more into consideration. The kind of horse a man puts to an ash-cart is very different from that which he harnesses to his carriage. The screw in itself may be all right, but it may be, and often is, in the wrong place

## AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Massachusetts House has passed a Bill providing for the destruction of English sparrows.

—THE Bill to prevent the importation and sale of adulterated tea has passed the House of Representatives.

—It is said that the police have been ordered to seize all copies of Marshal Bazaine's new book found in France.

—NINE Americans suspected of complicity in the theft of \$50,000 from the railroad company's vaults are in prison at Panama.

—THE joint resolution providing for the termination of the fishery articles of the Treaty of Washington has passed both Houses of Congress.

—THE New York Legislature has passed a Bill donating to Horatio Seymour the chair used by him in the old Capitol while he was Governor.

—THE general election in Ontario, last week, resulted in a decisive victory for the present Liberal Government, all the Ministers being re-elected.

—THE gaps in the ranks of the Irish Invincibles made by the arrest of its members for the murders in Dublin are to be filled by six men already enrolled.

—FORTY St. Petersburg students have been imprisoned for expressing doubts of the administrative ability of Count Tolstol, Minister of Public Instruction.

—GEORGE SCHELLER, the owner of the bar in the burned Newhall House at Milwaukee, has been indicted for setting the hotel on fire, and held for want of \$10,000 bail.

—GOVERNOR CAMERON of Virginia has been making war upon the oyster pirates operating in State waters, and last week captured four of the depredatory vessels with their crews.

—A UKASH has been published in St. Petersburg appointing a commission to examine and amend the laws relating to Jews, which will afterwards be submitted to the legislative department for examination.

—RHODE ISLAND and Southeastern Connecticut experienced an earthquake shock on the evening of February 27th, which lasted at Norwich from three to five seconds, and was accompanied by a deep, rumbling sound.

—THE Judiciary Committee of the Pennsylvania House has reported favorably a Bill to remove the capital to Philadelphia, provided that city agrees to furnish suitable accommodations without cost to the State.

—HEAVY snowstorms in Wisconsin last week blocked the roads and caused a suspension of bus lines for some days. Even the lumbering camps were abandoned, and there will be a shortage of forty per cent. in the log crop.

—A WONDERFUL silver discovery is reported in the mountains twenty miles south of Tucson, Arizona, the ore crossing being one hundred feet wide and a mile long, averaging \$275 per ton. A Methodist minister purchased the first claim.

—THE last suicide at Monte Carlo, by a distinguished officer, whose name is withheld out of consideration for his family, makes, it is said, the twelfth since October. The management has provided an exquisite cemetery for these victims.

—THE Danish Government is willing to settle the difficulty as to the status of Danes in Schleswig-Holstein on the basis that those living there and born before or during the year 1864 shall be exempted from the Prussian military service.

—A SOCIETY for ethical culture like that in New York has been established in Chicago under the auspices of Felix Adler. It contemplates lectures and discussions for adults and schools for the young. Among its members are some citizens of prominence.

—A BILL has been introduced in the French Chamber of Deputies to furnish Lieutenant De Brazza with 108,000 firearms, 200 tents, 1,000 axes, 20,000 swords, 100 tons of gunpowder, and a company of Algerian sharpshooters, for the Congo expedition.

—SAN FRANCISCO finds it necessary to economize to get through the fiscal year, and the Supervisors have decided to dispense with all the street-lamps, and recommended a two months' vacation of the courts in order to reduce expenses in the offices of the clerks and sheriff.

—JEM MACE, the prize-fighter, was in Washington recently. Asking to be shown the spot where the late President stood when shot, he reverently removed his hat, and, pointing to the little brass star in the floor, said to his wife: "Darling, put yer foot on it, just for luck."

—THE Illinois Senate has passed a Bill providing for compulsory education. All children between the ages of eight and fourteen must be sent to school for a period of not less than twelve weeks in each year unless excused by the Board of Education or school directors for cause.

—THE cholera continues to rage in the Mexican State of Chiapas, in which the Isthmus of Tehuantepec is situated. The beach at Salina Cruz is strewn with railroad materials of all descriptions, and no laborers are obtainable to remove it. Work on the railroad is entirely suspended.

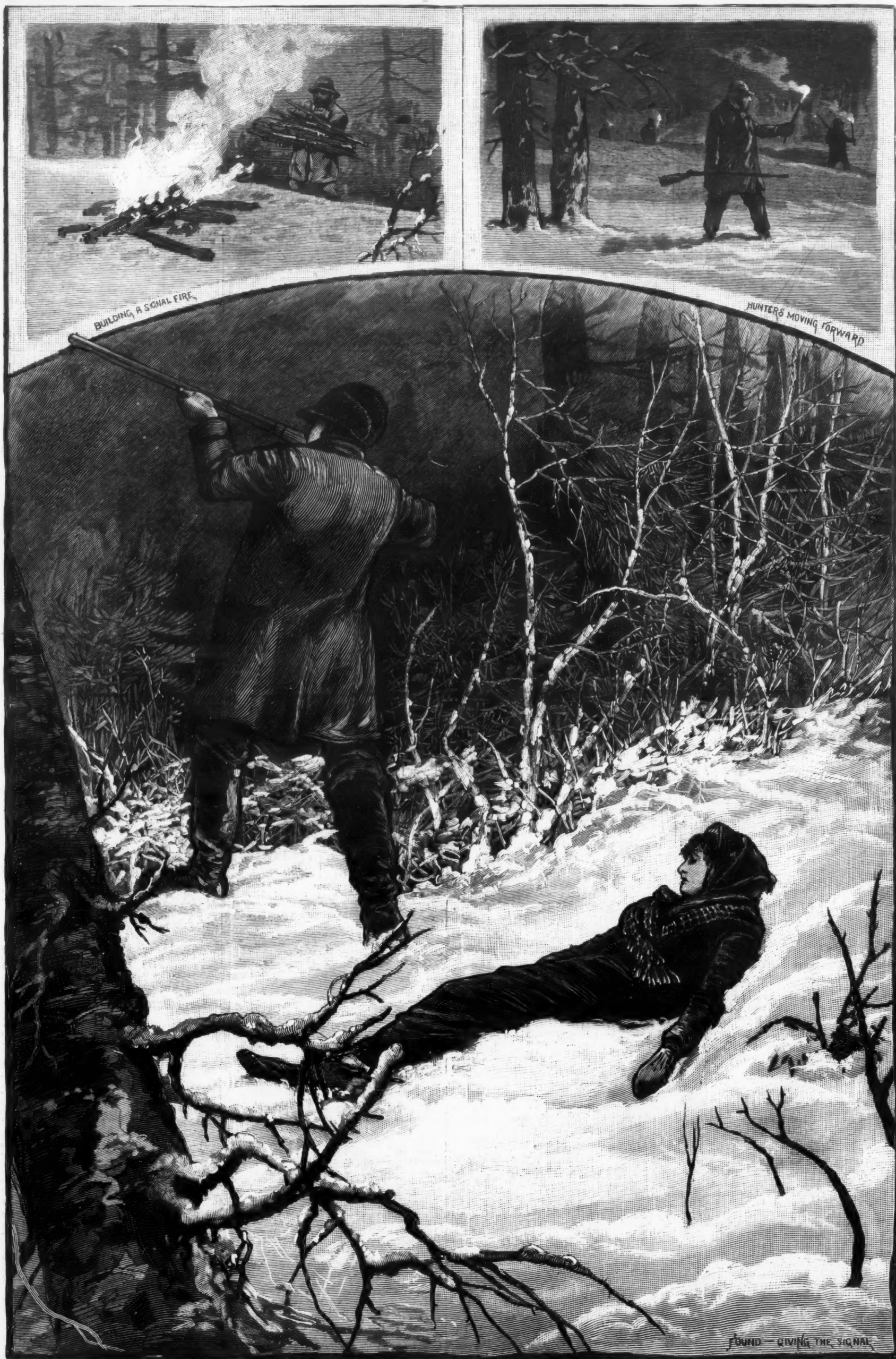
—NEVADA is about done with mining, and is now inclined to become an agricultural State. It has large tracts of land upon which only the sage-bush, cactus and greasewood grow, but which become productive when streams are turned on. It is proposed to irrigate these deserts at public expense, and Reclamation Commissioners have been appointed to investigate.

—THE Democrats in the Tennessee Legislature have agreed upon a Bill for the settlement of the State debt. The State debt proper is funded in full with the contract rate of interest, four years interest being deducted. Bonds held by educational institutions in the State and by Mrs. President Polk are funded on the same terms, the balance being funded at fifty cents on the dollar with three per cent. interest.

—THE throne which is to be used at the Czar's coronation is to cost \$10,000. It will be of black oak, richly carved in antique Slavonic patterns, with a canopy supported by columns ten feet high and ornamented with imperial eagles, and with a scroll-work bearing the coats-of-arms of the fifty-six governments of Russia. The chairs for the Emperor and Empress will be placed on a dais hung with crimson velvet richly trimmed with gold.

—A SEVERE drought prevails in the central part of South America, and Lake Titicaca, on the borders of Peru and Bolivia, famous for its great elevation above the sea, and its islands, containing some of the most remarkable ruins in the world, is reported to be drying up at an extraordinary rate. This has caused consternation among the Indians in the neighborhood, who are reminded of a curious tradition concerning a subterranean channel connecting the lake with the sea, which has come down from the days of the Incas.

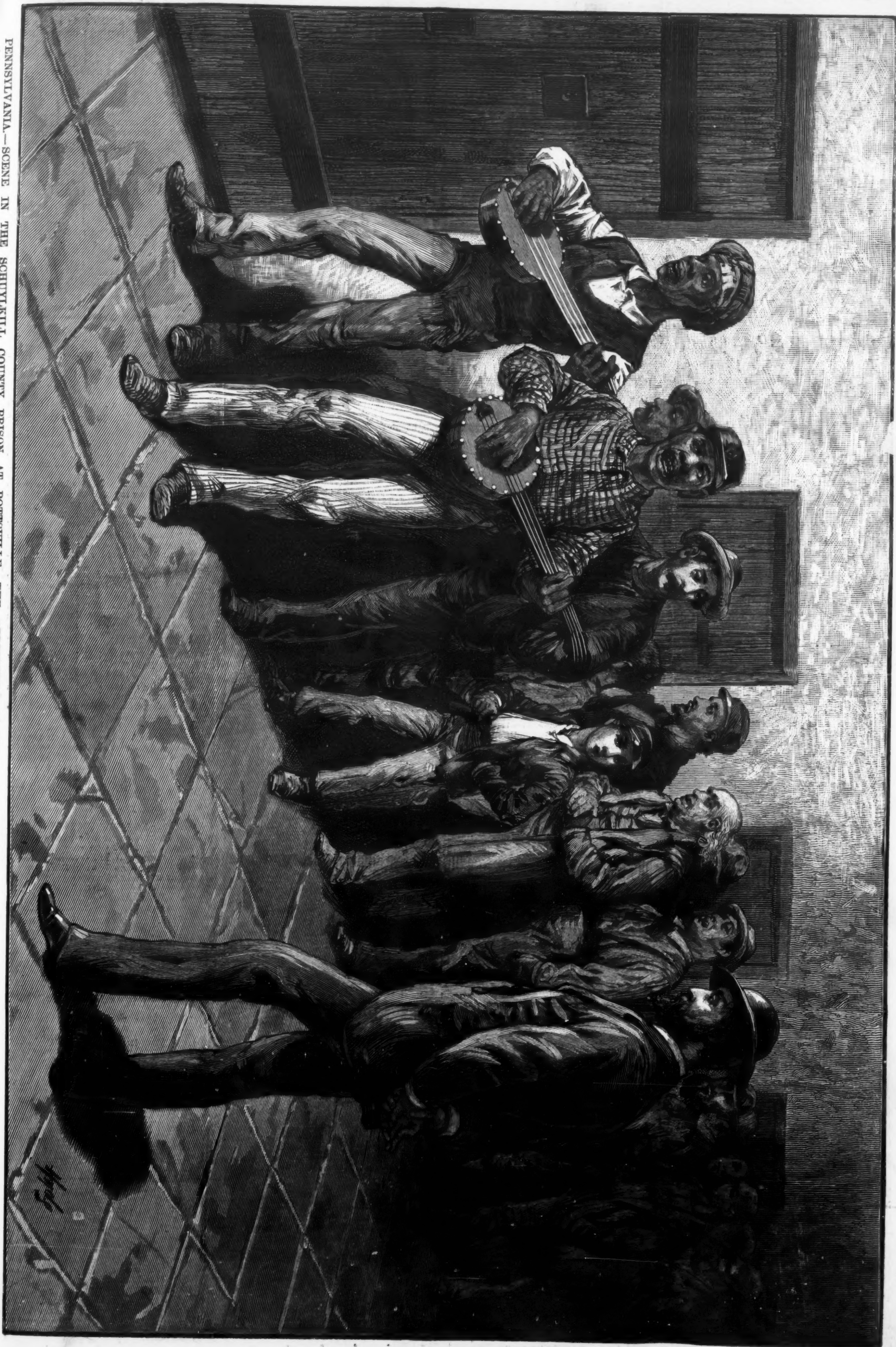




WINTER IN THE NORTHWEST.—LOST IN THE SNOW, AND FOUND AFTER A TWO DAYS' SEARCH—AN INCIDENT OF A RECENT STORM IN MINNESOTA.—SEE PAGE 43.



PENNSYLVANIA.—SCENE IN THE SCHUYLKILL COUNTY PRISON AT POTTSVILLE.—THE "PRISONERS' MARCH" FOR EXERCISE IN THE CORRIDOR.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BRUCKER.—SEE PAGE 43.





## SPRING.

NOW the bright crocus flames, and now  
The slim narcissus takes the rain,  
And straying o'er the mountain's brow,  
The daffodils bud again.  
The thousand blossoms wax and wane  
On wold, and heath, and fragrant bough,  
But fairer than the flowers art thou  
Than any growth of hill or plain.

Ye gardens, cast your leafy crown,  
That my Love's feet may tread it down,  
Like lilies on the lilies set;  
My Love, whose lips are softer far  
Than drowsy poppy petals are,  
And sweeter than the violet!

## A LINK IN A CHAIN.

MISS MALVINA PARKHURST sat beside the kitchen window of the old farmhouse in East Campton, reading a letter—an absorbing one, judging from her appearance—and this was what she read:

"Keep watch on Miss d'Arlage while she remains under your roof. She deceives you. She goes to East Campton for a purpose you do not dream of. Do not flatter yourself that she is so fond of her relatives as to make such exile agreeable. You know little of her past life, but look well into her future. You are held responsible by one to whom her welfare is as dear as it is to you."

There was no signature and no clew to the writer. The envelope bore the New York post-mark. It was that baffling, tormenting thing, an anonymous letter.

Miss Parkhurst was sitting in the same place and in precisely the same attitude, when, half an hour later, Effie d'Arlage came into the kitchen.

"You look worried, Aunt Malvina. Don't. 'Tisn't natural and 'tisn't becoming. Tell me what the letter's about—or perhaps it's a secret," she added, with a little hesitation.

"Have you any secrets, Effie?" Miss Parkhurst asked, pointedly.

The quick blood rushed in a torrent over the young girl's face. She struck her hands together, while a frightened look shot into her great eyes.

"It is true then!"

Miss Parkhurst's face fell as she spoke the words reproachfully. She unfolded the letter with a sudden decision to show it to her niece.

There was a quick step on the piazza outside, and a tall figure darkened the doorway. Miss Parkhurst thrust the letter into her pocket as she rose to receive the newcomer.

"Why, Bert Blodgett! I'm glad to see you! Come in, come in. My niece, Miss d'Arlage—Mr. Blodgett. You've put up your team, I suppose?"

The young man nodded rather abstractedly. He was surprised by the dazzling vision which confronted him in the dingy old farmhouse—a beautiful young woman standing straight and still just inside the kitchen door.

"Pliny's down in the east meadow this afternoon, Bert. Have you seen him?"

"Not yet."

"He's decided to let you take all the newspapers that are stored in the corn-barn. It has got to be torn down before long."

"Well, I shall be glad to get them. I've been two years, you know, trying to persuade him to give them up. There he is now, coming across lots," the young man concluded, with a glance through the open door.

"And supper's all ready, if my biscuits are done," Miss Parkhurst remarked, making a hasty trip to the oven.

She fully understood and partly sympathized with the gloom upon her brother's brow as he sat that night at the tea-table.

"Your uncle Pliny would rather serve out a term in the county jail than part with those old *Tribunes*," she said, as the two men left the kitchen after supper. "I really feel queer about it myself. They have been accumulating so many years—ever since I was a young girl, in fact—that it seems as if this disposal of them makes an era in the family history."

"And who is Mr. Blodgett, Aunt Malvina? He's a wonderfully handsome fellow, at any rate."

"And one of the best, too, on the face of the earth. A tin-peddler, Effie. One of my men-folks, I call him. I'm as fond of him—well, as fond as a woman of my years ought to be," and she gave a merry little laugh. "He arranges his trips so as to stay here over-night as often as he can. Pliny and I like to have him, and he seems to take solid comfort with us some way."

"I'm going out to the barn to see them, Aunt Malvina."

The young girl caught up her hat, never very far off, as she announced her determination. Her aunt's question, for unately interrupted by Bert Blodgett's arrival, had alarmed her. She had no desire for a renewal of the subject; she would give her no opportunity for it.

Pliny Parkhurst, sitting on an empty barrel, looked silently and disconsolately upon the vigorous labors of young Blodgett, who was throwing down from a loft overhead great piles of old, yellow newspapers.

"Miss—Malvina—Parkhurst."

The young man had paused an instant in his work—long enough to pick up a letter which had fallen out from among the papers, and read the address. He turned it over in his hand.

"Never been opened!" he added. "That's queer! Looks fifty years old, too."

He swung himself down from the loft and passed the letter to Miss d'Arlage, who instinctively held out her hand for it. It was different from modern letters, a large sheet folded and secured with sealing-wax, and Bert Blodgett had not exaggerated concerning its appearance or age. It was addressed in a

large, handsome hand, but the ink had so faded as to be scarcely legible. Effie d'Arlage carried it into the house with more eagerness than she had lately manifested in anything.

"Another letter for you, Aunt Malvina," she called out as she entered the kitchen; "one with a strong flavor of antiquity even in its seal, *Semper fidelis*. Fidelity is out of fashion now-a-days, they say, but I don't believe it. I wonder if this one proved true?"

She placed the letter in her aunt's hand. The elder woman looked at it with mute curiosity, which seemed to grow into terrified wonder as she recognized the handwriting, and turned it over to gaze at the unbroken seal.

"Where—?" she began, with white lips, a strange pallor creeping over her face.

Her niece anticipated the question.

"Mr. Blodgett just found it, out in the corn-barn, among the old papers. It's been there years and years, I suppose. Isn't it queer! But why don't you open it, Aunt Malvina?"

Miss Parkhurst seemed like one stunned. She passed her hand slowly over her eyes, and with one or two inarticulate words crossed the kitchen to her little bedroom beyond, and quietly shut the door. Effie d'Arlage looked after her with anxious eyes.

"Oh, I hope it's not more trouble!" she thought, with a little gasp. "I'm so tired of misery!"

She went out again to the piazza, and, throwing herself listlessly into her favorite seat—an immense rocking-chair—tried to amuse herself with a novel which she had left lying there some hours before. But twilight was fast dying into darkness. She was forced to close the book and she fell into a reverie concerning many things, including, at last, the young man who looked more like a prince than a peddler, the old letter and its mysterious effect upon her aunt, as well as her aunt's mysterious question.

It was late when the two men returned from the corn-barn. Pliny Parkhurst passed on into the house, and his companion was about to follow him, when a movement on the part of Miss d'Arlage checked his steps. She pushed towards him with an unmistakable air of invitation a smaller rocker standing near her own.

Within the last half-hour she had grown most desperately lonesome. She must do something to keep herself from the tempest of tears which inevitably followed such a mood.

The young man seemed to hesitate for half a minute, as if trying to make sure that he had not misunderstood her intention; then, with a courteous "Thank you!" took the seat indicated.

"My uncle Pliny," she began, by way of opening a conversation, "seems positively unhappy over this little business transaction."

"Yes, I'm sorry. He would have done better had he disposed of all that rubbish before the mice made such havoc with it. Paper stock was worth a good deal in the market a year ago, but he's always had a peculiar attachment to old books and papers. Was Miss Parkhurst surprised by her letter?"

"Yes, indeed, and more than surprised. She seemed greatly distressed; went right to her own room, and has not left it since. I'm afraid it will prove a dull evening for you, Mr. Blodgett."

"You are kind enough to prevent that, Miss d'Arlage"—and he bowed courteously. "My visit this time seems to have produced most unfortunate results."

They talked together for more than an hour before it occurred to Miss d'Arlage that she had found the evening which she so dreaded a really enjoyable one.

The young man was a fine talker, and she more than once laughed heartily over his narration of unique experiences among the primitive inhabitants of East Campton and neighboring towns.

The full moon had risen while they talked, and the scene about them was transfigured. The stillness was intense. Pliny Parkhurst had fallen asleep on the kitchen lounge. His sister was still in her own room. As the tall, old-fashioned clock struck nine, Miss d'Arlage rose.

"I will speak to Aunt Malvina," she said.

Bert Blodgett rose also, divining her intention.

"By no means, Miss d'Arlage. I am going for a walk for half an hour or so. It is too perfect a night to spend indoors. Good-evening!"

The young lady went into the house somewhat reluctantly. It was as still as a grave. She passed through the kitchen and across the hall to her own room beyond. Exchanging her dress for a loose white wrapper, and removing the pins from her abundant hair, she shook it over her shoulders, and, brush in hand, crossed the room to look out of the window.

She had already forgotten Bert Blodgett. Her thoughts were miles away from East Campton and every one the town contained. As she stood gazing upon the mountains, glorified in the moonlight, she saw two men emerge from the shadow of the old corn-barn across the road. One of them seemed talking in an excited manner, judging from his violent gestures.

The other, who made no sign and apparently spoke no word, was the young peddler, she felt sure. There was no mistaking his fine figure and majestic height. They were walking slowly. In another minute they had passed into shadow again and out of sight.

Miss d'Arlage felt her heart beat fast as she watched the little pantomime, and she was seized with an unaccountable terror. Before she had time even to speculate on what she had seen, there was an uncertain, staggering step on the piazza. She rushed into the kitchen, and calling upon her uncle Pliny as she went, flung the door wide open.

Bert Blodgett confronted her, his face ghastly in the moonlight, which struck full

upon it, and stained with blood flowing from a gash in his forehead.

"Hush!" he said, holding up his hand. "It's only—I tell—and—"

With a gasp, he threw out his arms and sank down at her feet his blood staining her white dress.

Miss Parkhurst and her brother, both roused by their niece's distressing cry, stood close beside her.

"He has fallen somehow and hurt his head," she explained, though even as she spoke she felt sure that it was not so.

She but repeated his statement. It was no affair of hers. She would respect his evident desire for concealment.

Pliny Parkhurst, with his sister's help, lifted the young man and laid him on the lounge.

"Dr. Edson was called over the mountain to-night," he said, hurriedly. "He has not had time to get back. What had we better do?"

The lips of the young man moved slightly. Miss Parkhurst put her face close to his, and caught two or three words.

"There's a doctor at the Bromleigh House," she said to her brother, with an air of relief. "Bert came down from there this afternoon."

Pliny Parkhurst started off at once. It was the work of only a few minutes to harness one of the horses, and the road to the new hotel was not a long one.

"There's a doctor here, I'm told," the old farmer said to the clerk, as he approached the office. "If so, I want him, and as quick as possible."

The physician was summoned. Pliny Parkhurst had not caught his name in the indistinct utterance of the clerk.

"There's a young man at my house, badly hurt. Can you—?"

The words died on his lips. He took a step backward, gazing at the doctor with dilated eyes. Evidently the two men recognized each other, and in no pleasant fashion.

"I'd rather die like a dog myself," Pliny Parkhurst said at last, as if the words drew blood from his heart, "than to have you set foot over my threshold, Dave Blanchard! But I can't risk his life for my notion. 'Twouldn't be right. She wouldn't think so, neither." He turned around to lead the way out. "I'll be obliged to you if you'll come," he said, shortly.

There was no word spoken between the two men as they drove rapidly to the Parkhurst homestead, at the door of which Pliny Parkhurst jumped out of the old buggy with the one syllable, "Wait!" and went into the house.

His sister was sitting beside the injured man. Miss d'Arlage had just left the kitchen to change her dress.

"You're a good woman, Malvina—a brave woman," her brother said, as he laid his hand tenderly on her head. "But that doctor up to the hotel—it's Dave Blanchard, Malvina—and he shan't come into this house to save anybody's life unless you say so."

Miss Parkhurst gave a great start; then grew perfectly quiet.

"It's all right, Pliny. He was right, too. There was a great blunder. I've just found out, and was going to tell you as soon as I could."

She made a little gesture to indicate that he was to be admitted. But she did not even look at the doctor's face as, with one keen glance at hers, he examined his patient and dressed the wound in his head.

"Shall I come to-morrow?"

He spoke directly to Miss Parkhurst. She looked up at him, having grown calm enough to trust herself.

"Please attend to him as long as he needs you," she answered. "And some time to-morrow—I have something to say to you myself."

The doctor's second call was an early one. He found his patient doing well. The wound was not a serious one. He had been faint from the loss of blood. In a few days, according to indications, he would be about again.

Dr. Blanchard followed Miss Parkhurst into the little parlor.

"You have something to say to me, Malvina?"

"Yes. The young man who was hurt last night," she began very calmly, "found, in the most accidental way possible, an old letter of yours—unopened; one I had never seen. It was the last one you wrote to me. Possibly you may remember it, though it was written twenty-six years ago."

"Remember it!" the doctor repeated, far less calmly than Miss Parkhurst had spoken. "Life is not long enough to forget some things, Malvina. And so you understand—at last! Can you wonder that after that letter—hearing nothing from you—I could not write again?"

"No, I cannot wonder," she said, simply.

"I knew last night, when I met your brother, that there had been some fatal misunderstanding," the doctor went on; "but having waited all these years, I could still wait till—to-day. No, not waited," he corrected. "I married—after a year of intolerable suspense, anger and resentment; and my wife lived long enough to learn how cruelly I had wronged her—how little I had ever loved her. My son Arthur, my only child, has been my sole companion. We have spent most of the years abroad. I came to East Campton only two days ago, to learn something of you—of what your life had been. And I honestly believed that whatever it might have been, it could not possibly have held such misery as mine."

Miss Parkhurst made no reply. There was none needed. A duller man than David Blanchard would have understood the whole story.

Miss d'Arlage rose late that morning, and failing to find her aunt where she was usually

busy at that hour, entered the parlor in quest of her.

She started back at the sight of a gentleman; then sprang forward with an exclamation.

"Dr. Blanchard!—oh, Dr. Blanchard!"

"Effie, my child, you here?"

Miss Parkhurst looked from one to the other in speechless surprise.

"And you know my aunt Malvina?" Effie cried, in great excitement.

"I knew her, and loved her. Effie, years before you were born. If a letter of mine—the one found yesterday in the old corn barn—had ever reached her, it would have made a difference in both our lives. Effie d'Arlage, then, is the daughter of your sister Susan?"

Miss Parkhurst nodded. The situation was not yet intelligible to her.

"Arthur is with me, Effie, at the Bromleigh House," the doctor resumed, in a significant tone.

Miss d'Arlage grew very pale. Her eyes fell. "He is distressed beyond measure at your silence and—"

She made a little gesture to check his words. "It is my mother's wish," she said.

"And yours, Effie?"

"It is mine because it is hers," she answered, proudly.

Dr. Blanchard turned again to Miss Parkhurst.

"Your niece is as dear to my son Arthur as we were—in the old days. They met abroad a year ago. Mrs. d'Arlage suddenly left Paris, and I find her daughter here. I have never seen your sister since—"

"Oh, Aunt Malvina!" Effie interrupted, "I was on no account to tell you! Now I see!—I understand!"

Her face grew radiant. She turned towards the doctor, in whose countenance she saw the reflection of her own thought.

"Oh, Effie, it must be—it is—because he is my son! I know I am right, because it could be nothing else! And, Malvina, if your sister has felt through all these years as much bitterness towards me as Pliny—"

Miss Parkhurst checked him with an expressive motion. How much reason they had for that bitterness she alone knew. They only had known what she had suffered.

"And my mother will be here to-morrow!" Effie announced, triumphantly. "I can see Arthur again, when—you have seen her!"

Later that day she sat for a few minutes beside young Blodgett.

"The doctor's report is most favorable," she began. "If it were not for your ghastly color and that suggestive plaster—"

"Oh, I am all right!" he exclaimed, with some show of impatience. "Excuse me, Miss d'Arlage, but I want you to know the truth of this matter while I can speak with you alone."

"I do know it!" she replied, hastily. "I saw you both last night."

He looked at her in amazement.

"Saw us!" he repeated. "Who, then, was the man who struck me?"

Miss d'Arlage's astonishment seemed to equal his own.

"He was a foreigner apparently, and he accused me—he seemed to believe that you—that I was your lover, Miss d'Arlage. I am telling you the truth this time. It was only for your sake that I did not tell it before. He had watched us all the evening, he said. He was wild with passion. I am not sure that he was not a madman. I thought at first that he was. Surely you must know him, Miss d'Arlage."

She bent her head slowly.

"Yes, I know him. It is Larrinaga—Pedro Larrinaga, a Spaniard who was with me at school two years ago. The only regret of my life, Mr. Blodgett, the only wicked thing I ever deliberately did, was to encourage his attentions to me—for I never cared for him, and he has always known it. He is furiously jealous. He pursues and persecutes me. But I believed that I was free from him at last—and here!"

"That accounts, then, for—"

He looked at her questioningly.

"Not wholly," she replied, with evident reluctance. "It is only right that I should tell you that—you see—I mean, he mistook you for some one else."

The blood which had swept over her face as she made her first explanation burnt more hotly in her cheeks.

Bert Blodgett watched her with his heart in his eyes. Already he would have been willing to lay down his life in her service, and already there was "some one else."

There was no reason why Miss d'Arlage should not confide this episode to her aunt, and she hastened to do so.

"You know the young man's writing, I suppose?" Miss Parkhurst inquired, as her hand went to her pocket. She drew out the anonymous letter. "I should have shown this to you yesterday if we had not been interrupted."

Miss d'Arlage read it through—too angry for immediate words.

"Pedro wrote it," she said, at last, after a second reading. "He followed me across the ocean, as he has followed me here. He has seen Arthur—at a distance. He somehow learned of my mother's desire that I should give him up. Evidently he supposed that it was Arthur who was with me last night—that I had come to East Campton to meet him—and deceive my mother. That would be perfectly characteristic of Pedro Larrinaga!"

She threw the letter indignantly upon the table. Miss Parkhurst quietly picked it up and laid it in the kitchen fire.

"If you had shown me this sooner—yesterday," Miss d'Arlage resumed, "I should have been on my guard. It might have prevented—but, then, if the accident had not happened—I mean had not brought Dr. Blanchard here?" She looked inquiringly at her aunt.

"He would never have known," Miss Parkhurst said, with a slow shake of the head. "I supposed he had forgotten me years ago."



"And Arthur and I—"  
Miss d'Arlage stopped suddenly, and drew a long breath as she contemplated a very evident probability.

"Oh, Aunt Malvina, for once Pedro Larripaga has rendered me—both of us—a service. I forgive him everything, even the letter—and I am so sorry for Mr. Blodgett!"

It was perhaps a lame and impotent conclusion, but none the less expressive and sincere.

"There's been quite a stir down at the village to-day," Pliny Parkhurst remarked that night at the tea-table. "A man—a foreigner—a stranger in town—half-drunk—got into a quarrel with James, the depot-master, and knocked him down—quite an excitement for East Campton. He's locked up now, where he'll have a chance to sober down."

"And then what will be done with him, Uncle Pliny?"

"Oh, he'll be put on the train and sent off, with orders merely to show himself here again. James wasn't hurt a bit, but he was pretty mad."

A week from that day Bert Blodgett drove away from the Parkhurst farmhouse. Mrs. d'Arlage, who had arrived in East Campton in due time, bade him good by, with the remark:

"Remember that you will always be just as welcome at the old Parkhurst place as if Malvina were at home. She will go abroad with Dr. Blanchard as soon as they are married, and I shall stay here to keep house for Pliny."

As he drove slowly down the road, he saw in a field at a little distance two figures, which, walking close together, were outlined against the sky—that of Arthur Blanchard and Effie d'Arlage.

"So our lives separate," he thought, a little sadly, and with a strong, strange yearning in his heart as he watched them. "It is better so—for me. Heaven bless her! And I shall always be thankful for the accident that brought back such happiness to Effie d'Arlage."

#### WINTER SCENES IN THE NORTHWEST.

NOT the least among the perils of frontier life in the Far West is that of being lost in one of those terrible "blizzards" which spring up so suddenly and speedily obliterate the most familiar landmarks. Almost every such storm brings its list of killed and missing. The experienced settler never ventures far from home when one of these disturbances is threatened, but the most careful foresight will not always warn him in season. One of the most interesting experiences of the past winter was that of a Minnesota woman, the wife of a hardy farmer who recently settled in a new county. One pleasant day she set out for a visit to her nearest neighbor, who, to be sure, lived a matter of two miles away. As the day wore on, a storm sprang up, and her husband, returning home towards night and finding her absent, became alarmed. He made inquiry at the neighbors', and found that his wife had not been seen. Realizing that she must have lost her way and was in danger of freezing to death, he rallied all the neighbors within reach and organized a search. They armed themselves with guns and pistols, in order that by an occasional shot they might notify each other of their position as they scattered across the prairies and uplands. They also arranged to start bonfires on every little elevation, in the hope that the poor wanderer might be attracted by the glare. The weary search went on through the night without success. Daylight came, and still it was prosecuted without any trace being found of the missing one. At last towards nightfall, just as hope was dying out, the scattered seekers were rejoiced to hear a repeated discharge of firearms—the signal of discovery. Hurrying to the spot whence the sound came, they were delighted to see the object of their search still alive but badly frozen, having happily been saved by the rudeness of the blizzard. The woman was found in a ravine into which she had wandered. Our illustration presents a graphic view of the scene when the missing woman was discovered, and will give Eastern readers a fresh conception of the perils of the "blizzard."

#### A NOTED PENNSYLVANIA PRISON.

THE Schuylkill County Prison at Pottsville is one of the largest and most important in the State of Pennsylvania. Special interest has attached to it of late years from the fact that many of the notorious Mollie Maguire murderers have been either executed within its walls, or are now serving out sentences there. The building is 283 feet wide by 206 feet deep, the prison proper being in the shape of an L. The front wing is 165 feet long, and the side wing 213 feet, making a total length of 378 feet by a width of 52 feet. A corridor extends through the middle, on each side of which is a two-story row of cells, 114 in number. The corridor is fifteen feet wide, and is covered by a brick arch, in which there are ten large skylights. On each side of the prison is a space of ground, surrounded by a wall three feet high, and here the prisoners are exercised daily, except in the winter, when, on account of the severity of the weather, the corridor is used. The prisoners are all kept regularly at work, and the goods which they manufacture reduced the net cost of the institution to the county last year from \$22,619 to \$7,860. The warden is Joseph Dolan, who is assisted by two keepers, and they have an average number of 65 persons under their charge, although the total sometimes runs up as high as 125. The scene presented in the corridor, when the prisoners are gathered for their daily round of exercise, is a very interesting one, as our illustration shows. A couple of jolly Africans, whose misdeeds have debared them from airing their musical accomplishments in the outside world, head the procession and sound the keynote with their banjos, while some of the older and more trusted prisoners see that order is preserved. Discipline is well enforced, while the harmless recreation thus afforded proves an excellent thing for the convicts.

#### WILSON'S CREEK BATTLEFIELD.

IN the war of the rebellion, next to the battle of Bull Run, the engagement at Wilson's Creek, Mo., was the most severe and bloody fought during the year 1861. By an order of the Secretary of War, in April of that year, General Lyon was placed in command of the United States forces in Missouri. He was ordered "to arm the loyal citizens, protect the public property, and execute the laws." After his success at Booneville, Mo., June 17th, when he defeated General C. F. Jackson, he advanced to Springfield, in the southwestern part of the State. He was joined by General Sigel, when the combined force numbered 5,000 men, supported by the batteries of Totten and Dubois. This small army was confronted

by the Confederate Generals Price and McCullough, who had a force of about 20,000 men, and who were encamped some ten or twelve miles from Springfield. Strict military considerations, no doubt, demanded a retreat, but General Lyon determined not to abandon Southwest Missouri without striking another blow. At five o'clock in the evening of the 9th of August, 1861, he moved out of Springfield to attack the Confederates encamped at Wilson's Creek, but a few miles distant. He divided his little army into two columns—one commanded by himself in person, and the other by General Sigel. The plan was for General Lyon to move directly on the Confederate forces, and General Sigel, by a detour, was to attack them, at the same time, in the rear. The battle was opened by Lyon's column early on the morning of the 10th of August. His troops were principally from Kansas, Iowa and Missouri. The Confederate commanders were apprised of the movements of the Federal troops, and were prepared to receive them. General Sigel failed to reach the point of attack in time, and his column was routed with much loss. In front of Lyon the conflict raged fiercely. Seeing the troops on the left of Totten's battery in disorder, General Lyon dismounted, and leading his horse along the line, rallied his men to the assault. While thus engaged his horse was killed, and the General himself was wounded. "I fear the day is lost!" he said; but mounting another horse, he placed himself at the head of an Iowa regiment, which had lost its colonel, and in leading these men in a bayonet charge, his body was pierced with a bullet, and he fell dead. General Sturgis succeeded to the command, but after a most stubborn fight was forced to retreat. Next day the Confederates occupied Springfield, and held the place till the following October. The loss of both armies in killed and wounded was 2,702.

In connection with the sanguinary conflict, the name of the late Mrs. Mary Phelps—wife of ex-Governor John S. Phelps of Missouri—deserves honorable mention. This lady hastened to the battlefield, and was a ministering angel to the wounded and dying. She turned her house into a hospital, and day and night was untiring in her efforts to relieve the suffering. She secured the dead body of General Lyon, and had it buried on the Governor's farm near Springfield, until it could be conveyed to a more permanent resting-place. This patriotic lady died in 1878.

We give an illustration of the battlefield as it now appears. A range of wooded hills appears in the background—the historic Wilson's Creek flowing at their base, and cultivated fields in the foreground. The battle began on the extreme right, in the woods on the hillside. The place where General Lyon fell was beyond the Creek, as seen on the left of the illustration. The house to which the fallen general was conveyed still remains, but little changed by the lapse of twenty-two years. A near view of Wilson's Creek, with the line of Sigel's retreat along the woods, is also given. The site of Christian baptism was being administered in the Creek at the time our artist—Mr. G. W. Sittler, of Springfield, Mo.—photographed the scene. Many of the trees, and some of the buildings on and near the battlefield, still bear the marks of shot and shell. Relics of the fight are still found there, and are eagerly sought after by the many who, from distant States, North and South, still visit the historic field. The dead have been gathered into the National Cemetery, located not far from the City of Springfield. It will be a long time before all the marks of this famous battlefield will be obliterated.

#### THE FRENCH IN TONQUIN.

SINCE the 25th of April the French flag has floated over the citadel of Hanoi, the capital of Tonquin. Taken the first time in 1873, it was given up on condition that Tonquin would be purged of the Chinese pirates who infested it. The Government did nothing, and affairs came to so deplorable a condition at the beginning of last year that the Governor of Cochinchina resolved upon sending an expedition under command of naval Captain Riviere, who took possession of the citadel. This citadel is exceedingly small, and was built at the commencement of the present century by French engineers on the Vauban system. Troops will soon be on the way to reinforce the French garrison, the *Corvise*, now fitting out at Toulon, having been assigned for their transportation. This vessel is a superb transport, possessing the combined qualities of a man-of-war and an ocean steamer. She is of iron and more than a hundred metres long. Her horse-power is 2,600. Her draft is only six metres, her tonnage, 5,500. She is rigged like a frigate, and can go under steam or sail, as may be desirable. The *Corvise* is built upon the newest lines, and can carry 2,000 troops in the highest healthfulness and comfort. Vast corridors, hospital wards and cool rooms abound, so necessary to fight the heat which commences at Suez and continues to Cochinchina. The progress of the French campaign in Tonquin will be watched with grave interest by European Powers, and serious complications may yet result from it.

#### The Mississippi River.

SOME interesting and extraordinary data have been compiled respecting the Mississippi. It appears that it boasts no fewer than fifty-five tributary streams, with a total length of navigation of 16,571 miles, or about two-thirds of the distance around the world. Even this, however, represents but a small amount of the navigation which will follow when the Federal Government has made the contemplated improvements in the Upper Mississippi, in the Minnesota, Wisconsin and other rivers, in which it is now engaged. But while the Mississippi has 16,571 miles navigable to steamboats, it has 20,221 miles navigable to barges. This navigation is divided between twenty-two States and Territories in the following proportions: Louisiana, 2,500 miles; Arkansas, 2,100 miles; Mississippi, 1,380 miles; Montana, 1,310 miles; Dakota, 1,280 miles; Illinois, 1,270 miles; Tennessee, 1,260 miles; Kentucky, 1,260 miles; Indiana, 840 miles; Iowa, 830 miles; Indian Territory, 720 miles; Minnesota, 660 miles; Wisconsin, 160 miles; Ohio, 550 miles; Texas, 440 miles; Nebraska, 380 miles; Kansas, 340 miles; Alabama, 200 miles; and New York, 70 miles. Nearly all sections of these States and Territories can be reached with ease. Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, Montana, Dakota and the Indian Territory possess more miles of navigable stream than miles of railroad, all of which are open to everybody who wishes to engage in commerce.

#### Profits of Cattle-raising in Montana.

MONTANA appears to be rising rapidly into prominence as a producer of wild stock. Beneath the soil there are very large unused mineral resources, but the development of these seems likely to be postponed to the raising of cattle, horses and sheep, which is now the most profitable industry. The Territory comprises 92,000,000 acres, a surface nearly as large as the cultivated area of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales; yet it has a population of only 40,000. At present there are 400,000 head of cattle, 100,000 sheep and 50,000 horses; but these numbers, if the recent rate of progress is preserved, will be doubled within the next four years. The climate is very dry, the rainfall being only 20 to 24 inches per annum. It is, consequently, very favorable for the raising of sheep. The average profit upon these animals is estimated at 36 per cent. per annum.

#### Facts of Interest.

THE Harvard Co-operative Society has just completed its first year's work. The society numbers over 700 students, and supplies its members with almost everything needed in college life, including text books, furniture and stationery, at a slight advance on wholesale prices. A superintendent is employed, and favorable contracts are made, and the transactions of the first year amount to about \$15,000. It is estimated that the net saving to students has been about \$4,500.

A COPENHAGEN law authorizes the police to take a drunken man home in a cab at the expense of the dramshop where he took his last drink.

A TRENTON (N. J.) baby, four months old, has two tongues, one above the other. Neither is well developed, and the malformation of the mouth extends to the absence of a palate. The child is not vigorous, and the doctors say that it is not likely to grow up.

THIRTY-THREE blocks, containing nine hundred tenements, are to be built in London by the trustees of the Peabody fund this year.

J. P. BRADLEE, the owner of the large woolen mills at Ballardvale, Mass., supports at that place a free public library, ten-pin alley and temperance pool-room. He also maintains a fire-engine company of fifty members, and every winter furnishes funds for a course of public lectures and entertainments.

THE St. Gothard Railway has stimulated many lines of Italian export trade, but none of them more surprisingly than the egg trade. Last year Italy exported eggs to the value of \$7,000,000, whereas a few years ago that trade did not exist at all.

THE old church of Lancaster, Mass., which in nearly two centuries and a half has had only eight pastors, is still supported by a tax on the whole parish, an assessment being annually levied on every man's property for that purpose. It is said to be the only survivor of the old system in the country.

AN employé of the telegraph company at Manila had a narrow escape recently, having taken sugar of lead in mistake for ammonia. He telegraphed to Hong Kong for a doctor, who came to the office and sent him advice by cable, which resulted in his recovery. The distance is about 555 miles. Probably this is the first time that a doctor has prescribed for a patient 500 miles away.

THERE is an apple-tree in Rabun County, Ga., that is probably the largest on this continent. It shades the greater part of a farmyard, and in one year the owner gathered two hundred and four bushels of apples from it, besides what his stock destroyed. He received twenty-five cents per bushel for them from wagoners.

THE great flood which inundated Bristol, England, last Autumn, is to be commemorated by forty ornamental lamp-posts placed in the streets, their heights varying to correspond with the level which the water reached at the points where they stand.

AN ordinance of the Vienna Municipal Council forbids a married man from taking a voyage in a balloon until it is proved to the satisfaction of the authorities that he has received the consent of his wife and children.

THE National Sugar Manufacturing Company, chartered in Pennsylvania, has a new patent for the extraction of sugar from beets, and is about to erect a mill near York, Pa. The company expects to extract 4,620,000 pounds of sugar and 1,660,000 pounds of molasses from 30,000 tons of beets.

THE total production of iron and steel rails last year was 1,683,794 net tons, or 153,306 tons less than in 1881. The five leading rail-making States were Pennsylvania, with 853,908 tons; Illinois, 362,250 tons; Ohio, 113,806 tons; New York, 155,021 tons, and Missouri, 85,548 tons.

THE American system of education has been introduced into New Zealand, and there are 61,406 pupils in 836 schools, the University of New Zealand being empowered by royal charter to confer degrees ranking with those of Oxford and Cambridge.

SAVANNAH has outstripped all of the Southern cities in the race for commercial supremacy, except New Orleans, and in the naval stores and lumber business she is ahead of that city. As a cotton port, she stands next to New Orleans.

AN extraordinary canoe voyage, which began at Lake George on August 19th, ended at Pensacola on February 3d. The adventurous cruisers were Dr. C. A. Neide, of Schuylerville, N. Y., and Captain S. D. Kendall, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., and their route was by the canals to Buffalo, thence by rail to the headwaters of the Alleghany, by that river to the Ohio, down the Ohio and the Mississippi, and across the Gulf.

A REPROBATE at Richmond, Va., thought he would have "a little fun." So he took a little boy twelve years of age to a low groggery, and gave him nearly a pint of whisky to drink. The boy died, and his murderer was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment.

THE old female hippopotamus presented to the London Zoological Society in 1853 by the then Viceroy of Egypt, recently died in the Gardens, after having for some time past exhibited manifestations of old age. Her mate died in 1877, after having lived twenty-seven years in the Gardens. It is thus evident that about thirty years is the extreme limit of hippopotamine existence, as it is not at all likely (judging from the teeth and bones) that either of these animals would have been able to support existence so long in its native wilds as under the favorable circumstances in which it lived in the Regent's Park.

A BOY in Mobile, Ala., burned down two buildings to win two bets, aggregating \$4, that there would be two fires in the city before certain specified dates.

IN spite of the law in India, a case of suttee or wife-burning occurred recently at Utiara, in Jeypore. The victim was the widow of Sham Singh, chief of the village. The Jeypore authorities have acted promptly in the matter. The principal offenders, who were sons and brothers of the deceased chief, have been sentenced to imprisonment for seven years, while minor accomplices received sentences of three years' imprisonment.

HANNIBAL HAMLIN, in a lecture to his townsmen at Bangor, Me., about his experiences at Madrid, says that he did not see any intoxicated persons while in Spain, and thought it was due to the fact that in his opinion the encouragement of a mild beverage is in the interest of temperance, as it discourages the use of distilled liquors that are harmful on so many accounts.

THE canal across the Isthmus of Corinth, which was commenced on May 2d, 1882, with 800 men, mostly Italians, and which is to be finished in five years, will be like the Suez Canal, about seventy-three feet broad and twenty-seven feet deep. The new ship canal which is to connect the Baltic and the North Sea, will save nearly 600 miles of the water journey now made around the Danish peninsula. The cut, as proposed, will be from Gluckstadt to Kiel, and the length will be about half that of the Suez Canal, or some fifty miles.

THE senior class of Bates College, before graduating, will present to the college a life-size bust of Charles Sumner. It was made in Florence by the American sculptor, Preston Powers, of the finest Italian marble, and is valued at nearly \$1,000. It will be erected on a pedestal either in the chapel or library in Hathorn Hall. Sumner gave the college her motto, "Amore ac studio."

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

HORACE GREELEY's Chappaqua estate is to be sold at auction.

THE President has appointed Senator Morrill a regent of the Smithsonian Institution.

GUSTAVE DORÉ's will directs that his paintings be kept two years and then sold by auction.

MR. JUSTICE FIELD, of the United States Supreme Court, will visit Japan during the coming Summer.

QUEEN VICTORIA has another grandchild, the Duchess of Albany having been safely delivered of a daughter.

THE late Judge Lott, of the New York Court of Appeals, is to have a \$5,000 bronze statue at Flatbush, L. I.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR recently made a dinner party for Charles Dudley Warner, the Hartford journalist and author.

MAJOR HARRY GILMORE, the celebrated leader of Confederate cavalry, is dying of cancer at his residence in Baltimore.

B. F. RITTENHOUSE, who has been a clerk in the Registrar's office of the United States Treasury for sixty-one years, died last week.

THE Crown Prince Frederick William of Germany has been gazetted a Knight of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath of England.

PRINCES VICTOR and LOUIS, sons of Prince Napoleon, will enter the Italian service. The former will be attached to King Humbert's staff.

PERE HYACINTHE lectured at Marseilles a few days ago, and there was a great uproar, caused by Catholics hissing and insulting him.

FRANZ LISZT, the great pianist, has announced his permanent and final retirement from playing in public, on account of his seventy-two years.

GAMBETTA's father kept every letter his famous son wrote him from his childhood to his death, and he contemplates publishing the interesting collection.

JOHN LETCHER, the War Governor of Virginia, is almost a wreck physically and mentally. He is confined to his room and barely recognizes his friends.

JOHN RICHARD GREEN, the British historian, has been known for some time to be seriously ill, and now he is privately reported as unlikely to recover.

THE President of the City Bank of Jersey City, recently sent to the New Jersey State Prison for wrecking that institution, is employed in the prison at ironing shirts.

"HANK" MONK, the famous stage-driver who drove Horace Greeley across the mountains during his visit to California years ago, died at Carson, Nev., last week.

SIR HENRY THOMSON, the great London surgeon, is a water drinker and vegetarian, and is said to be editing a vegetarian cooking-book founded on an old-time treatise.

REV. DR. RAY PALMER, of Newark, N. J., the writer of so many beautiful hymns, who celebrated his golden wedding a few months ago, has had a stroke of paralysis, but is now recovering.

THE Hon. Sackville West, British Ambassador at Washington, with his daughter and Miss Sherman, the daughter of General Sherman, visited Ottawa last week as the guests of the Marquis of Lorne.

MR. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, of the Stepping Stones, Rydal, Westmoreland, and Willow Brook, Eton, Windsor, the youngest and last surviving son of the poet Wordsworth, died recently at the age of seventy-two.

THE Princess of Wales has had a bowling-alley built out of her dining-room at Sandringham and spends most of her spare time in it, playing after dinner every day with whoever has the honor of being the guest of the evening.

THE Garnett Literary Association of Lincoln University at Washington, D. C., is raising a fund for the erection of a monument to the memory of the late Rev. Henry Highland Garnett, United States Minister to Liberia, above his grave at Monrovia.

A MOVEMENT is afoot for the erection of a colossal bronze statue of Martin Luther in front of the Memorial Lutheran Church in Washington. It is proposed to have the work unveiled, if possible, on November 10th next, the four hundredth anniversary of the great reformer's birth.

SENATOR TABOR, the Colorado millionaire, celebrated his brief career at Washington by giving one of the most elaborate banquets ever seen at the capital, with the President and many other high dignitaries as guests. The flowers cost \$1,000, and there were a dozen kinds of wine.

MRS. ESTHER JEWELL, the widow of the late ex-Governor Marshall Jewell, died suddenly of heart disease, at the residence of a relative in this city, on the 26th ult. She was greatly prostrated by the loss of her husband, and although receiving the best of medical care, never rallied from her exhaustion.

MISS EDMONIA LEWIS, a Baltimore sculptor of African descent, has completed at her studio in Rome a fine bas-relief in white marble for a church in Baltimore. It represents the Magdalen adoring the infant Jesus, and of the three African is given greater prominence than either the Caucasian or the Asiatic. Miss Lewis has also recently finished a statue of the Virgin Mary for the Marquis of Bute.

A LONDON correspondent who saw the ex-Empress Eugénie on her return from her recent trip to Paris, draws this sad picture of fallen greatness: "She looked wretchedly ill, pale as death, and seemed almost blind, leaning upon a stick wearily, and apparently feeling her way as if she dared not trust her rapidly failing sight. The Empress is, I am assured, growing blind, her sight having been irretrievably injured by incessant weeping."

FRANK VINCENT, the traveler and author of "The Land of the White Elephant," has been presented by his admiring reader, the King of Siam, with a medal of honor, with accompanying clasp and ribbon, and a diploma appointing him a Knight of the Royal Order of Bupha Mala. The medal is one of the four Siamese decorations which the King wears at all great ceremonies of state, and Mr. Vincent is the first American upon whom the Order of Bupha Mala has been conferred.

THE President has nominated John W. Foster, of Indiana, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Spain. Mr. Foster was appointed with special reference to the naturalization and other questions pending between Spain and this country. His mission is of a temporary nature, and he will come home as soon as these questions are decided. He formerly represented this country as Minister to Mexico, and subsequently as Envoy to Prussia.





NEW YORK CITY.—LADY SOLICITORS OBTAINING SUBSCRIPTIONS AMONG BUSINESS MEN FOR THE FLOOD RELIEF FUND.—SEE PAGE 37.



1. Point at which the Battle commenced. 2. Wilson's Creek. 3. Point where Gen. Lyon fell.

MISSOURI.—PRESENT APPEARANCE OF WILSON'S CREEK BATTLEFIELD.—FROM PHOTOS. BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. W. SITTLER.—SEE PAGE 43.





PROF. JOHN M. GREGORY, CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONER.  
PHOTO. BY NAUGHTON.

PROFESSOR JOHN M. GREGORY,  
MEMBER OF THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

PROFESSOR JOHN M. GREGORY, one of the three members of the Civil Service Commission, is a native of Rensselaer County, New York, and is now in his sixty-fourth year. He received an academic and collegiate education, and was graduated at Union College, Schenectady, in 1846. He studied law for two years, but abandoned the idea of practicing at the Bar, and turned his attention to theology. Early in his career he became identified with educational matters, and was for a time editor of an educational journal in Michigan, acting at the same time as principal of a school in Detroit. In 1858 he was elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Michigan, and served in that position for six years. He then accepted the Presidency of Kalamazoo College, but at the end of two or three years was unanimously chosen Regent of the Illinois State Industrial University, which he organized and which has grown to the first rank under his management. He has visited Europe five times, serving as honorary United States Commissioner at the Vienna and Paris Expositions. He served also as a judge at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. He has held other public positions of importance, and is now President of the Illinois State Board of Health. Professor Gregory is not a politician, but he is a man of broad views and wide information, and is known to be fully in sympathy with the movement for the elevation of the civil service.

STATUE OF ROBERT FULTON.

PENNSYLVANIA selected Robert Fulton as one of the two representative men whose statues should be contributed to the gallery of celebrities in the National Capitol, and the statue of this illustrious citizen has just been placed in position at Washington. It is cut in white marble, something more than life-size, and represents the inventor sitting in a large armchair, studying a model of a steamboat, which is grasped in both hands and resting upon his knee. His coat is off, and he wears the full waistcoat and loose shirt-sleeves, and the knee-breeches and low shoes, of his time. Books and tools scattered about the base of the statue carry out the idea of a well-dressed man in his workshop, studying out further improvements in a machine upon which he has concentrated the best thoughts of his life. The statue is the work of Mr. Howard Roberts, of Philadelphia, and marks a new departure in the art of Statuary Hall, where most of the famous men celebrated are represented as standing in an imposing attitude, with a Roman toga thrown around the person. The statue has attracted much attention from Congressmen and visitors at the Capitol, and is, in the main, criticised favorably.

HON. JOHN W. FOSTER,

THE NEW UNITED STATES MINISTER TO SPAIN.

HON. JOHN W. FOSTER, the new Minister to the Court of Madrid, is a native of Pike County, Indiana, where he was born, March 24, 1836. He graduated at the State University of Indiana in 1855, and subsequently attended the Law School of Harvard University. He was in due time admitted to the Bar, and located at Evansville for the practice of his profession. Here the "late unpleasantness" found him. He at once entered the Union service as Major of the Twenty-fifth Indiana Infantry Volunteers. After the battle of Fort Donelson he was promoted to Lieutenant-colonel, and soon after the battle of Shiloh was transferred and promoted to Colonel of the Sixty-fifth Regiment, Indiana Mounted Infantry. Subsequently, Colonel Foster was appointed Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-sixth Regiment of Indiana Volunteers. During the entire period of his service he was connected with the Western armies of Grant and Sherman. He was commander of the advance brigade in the march into Tennessee, and was the first to occupy the City of Knoxville, in 1863. He came out of the war as Brigadier-general by brevet.

At the close of the war, Colonel Foster returned to Evansville, and



MICHIGAN.—HON. THOMAS W. PALMER, U. S. SENATOR-ELECT.  
PHOTO. BY O'NEIL.

became the editor of the *Evansville Daily Journal*. In 1869 he was appointed Postmaster of that city. In 1872 he was chosen Chairman of the Republican State Committee, and was the moving spirit in the memorable campaign for the re-election of Hon. O. P. Morton



HON. JOHN W. FOSTER, U. S. MINISTER TO SPAIN.  
PHOTO. BY DAVIS.

which is doubly important now that the absence of a regularly elected Vice-President would promote its incumbent to the White House in case of President Arthur's death.

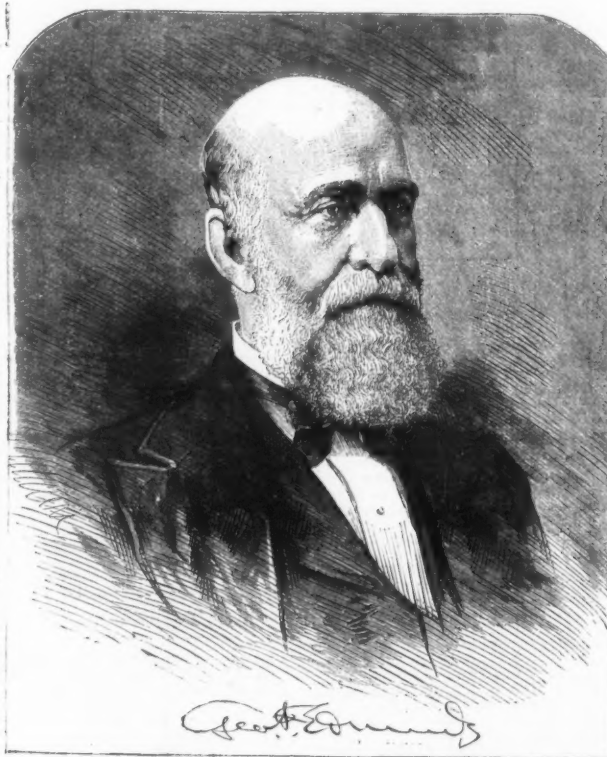
HON. THOMAS W. PALMER,

UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT FROM MICHIGAN.

THE long and bitter contest over the Michigan Senatorship is at last ended, the eighty-first ballot taken in joint convention of the Legislature on the evening of March 1st having resulted in the election of Thomas W. Palmer, of Detroit. The new Senator is a native of Detroit, where he was born in 1830. He received a good academic education, and took a partial course in the State University at Ann Arbor, but the failure of his eyesight compelled him to abandon his studies before completing his course. He then traveled through Spain and in South America. In 1863 he went into the real estate and lumber business, in which he still continues, owning large tracts of pine lands in the northern part of the State. He also operates a farm of six hundred acres near Detroit, on which he has placed an amount of blooded stock. Aside from this, he has extensive vessel interests. Mr. Palmer has always taken a lively interest in politics. In 1876 he was a candidate for the Republican nomination for Congress, but failed to secure it. He declined the nomination in 1878, but was elected State Senator from Wayne County. In 1880 he was a prominent candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor, and while he was not then successful, it is said that nothing but the rule of a second term in connection with a faithful discharge of duties as applied to Governor Jerome prevented his nomination for that position last Fall, his popularity having grown with the passing years. The Senator-elect is a gentleman of genial manners, wide popularity, and has business connections in different parts of the State, which aided him materially in the canvass which he entered upon at the final break-up of the Ferry campaign. His election appears to meet with general approval, and he will enter the Senate under favorable auspices.

A BICYCLE EXHIBITION.

"NOT many years ago," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "the world was inclined to be a little skeptical as to the future of the bicycle. After many struggles, bicycling has, however, fought its way to a front rank among the amusements of the day. Ample proof of this is furnished by the collection of bicycles and tricycles to be seen at the exhibition of the Stanley Bicycle Club, now being held at the Albert Hall, in London. Here are 'machines' of many patterns, by many makers; stands containing elaborate 'fittings' and many-fashioned saddles, key bugles, lamps, bells, and the thousand and other pretty fancies upon all of which a vast amount of ingenuity, thought and taste have been bestowed to supply the increasing demands of the 'cyclists.' The tricycle seems to have become a formidable rival to the older machine and the growth of its popularity since last year has been enormous. In country districts the village parson is beginning to visit his parishioners on the tricycle, the doctor follows his example, and a tricycle vote will soon figure in the



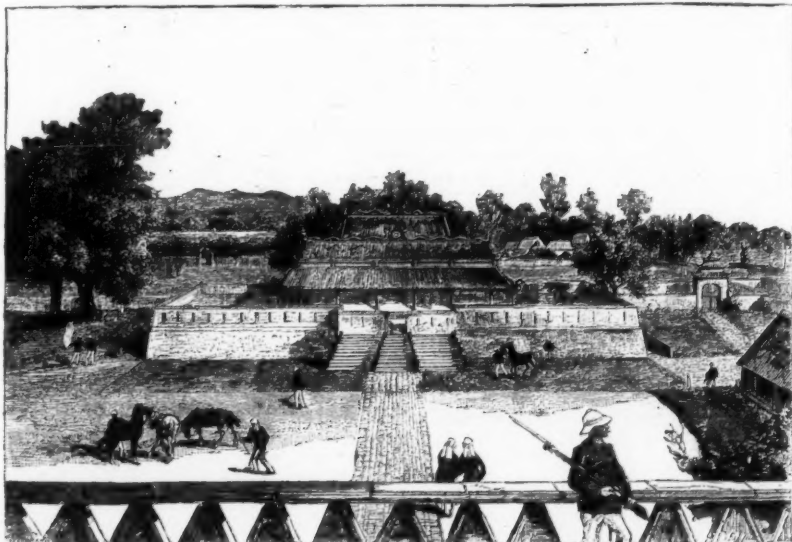
HON. GEORGE F. EDMUNDS, PRESIDENT PRO TEM. OF  
THE U. S. SENATE.

to the Senate of the United States. In March, 1873, President Grant appointed him Minister to Mexico, and President Hayes reappointed him at the expiration of his term of service. In 1880 he was promoted and transferred by President Hayes, as Minister to Russia, where he remained until November, 1881, and then resigned to attend urgent private business, having been connected with the diplomatic service for a period, altogether, of eight years and a half. Upon his return to this country, in 1881, Colonel Foster located in Washington, and established himself as an attorney in international business, as counsel for foreign Legations and kindred matters, before Courts of Commissions, arbitrations, etc. He is now sent to Spain without any solicitation on his part and at considerable personal sacrifice, to carry to completion certain delicate negotiations which, in the opinion of the President, Colonel Foster can conduct to a satisfactory

issue more successfully than any other person now connected with the diplomatic service. The appointment is honorable both to the Administration and the gentleman who receives it.

THE PRESIDENT  
OF THE SENATE.

HON. GEORGE F. EDMUNDS, who was elected President pro tem. of the U. S. Senate the day before its adjournment, is so well known to the country that any extended notice of his career is unnecessary. Entering the Senate in 1866, he has steadily pushed his way to the front, until he has become recognized as the leading constitutional lawyer as well as one of the most conscientious legislators of that body. It was, therefore, only natural that his Republican associates should select him as successor to David Davis, whose term expired with the last Congress, for the position of President pro tem.,



THE FRENCH EXPEDITION TO TONQUIN.—THE ROYAL PAGODA, PART OF THE  
CITADEL D'HANOI, OCCUPIED BY FRENCH TROOPS.—SEE PAGE 43.



PENNSYLVANIA.—STATUE OF ROBERT FULTON, JUST PLACED  
IN STATUARY HALL, WASHINGTON.



Post Office estimates for the convenience of rural postmen. A tricycle for Indian use, a very tempting vehicle in appearance, is exhibited. The passenger sits in front shaded from the sun by a large awning, leaving the hard work to be performed by servants who sit behind. Indeed, there are some enthusiastic cyclists in India, though the natives are said to be under the impression that to be run over by a bicycle is a quick and painless death. There the children are equally of the same opinion, and besides these little "annoyances" deaf dogs, aged cripples, lively pigs, blind beggars and wandering cattle add greatly to the sport. Bells and bugles are said to be quite useless.

#### Cheap Concerts in England.

CHEAP CONCERTS, that is, concerts offered at very low prices, have been quite successful in several parts of England. In Birmingham, for instance, a course has been given every Winter in the past three or four years, the programmes of which have included nothing but music of a high order, while the prices of tickets have been only three pence for a mission and six pence for a reserved seat. Orchestral and choral works of the very highest grades have been presented from time to time. It is stated that the average nightly attendance last season was 2,629 persons, that on many occasions hundreds were turned away from the doors, and that the cost of the concerts were just about covered by the receipts. In London, high-class music has been provided at really popular prices (from three pence upwards) at the Victoria Theatre in the New Cut and at Clerkenwell, and the success of the venture has been such that the committee in charge propose to extend its work to other communities where laboring people mostly abide. The People's Entertainment Society has been engaged for five seasons in disseminating a taste for high-class music in many other portions of the great metropolis, where factories and workshops abound, and with the most gratifying results, among which has been the establishment of orchestral and choral societies, largely composed of men and women in the working-classes. If these entertainments have had no other effect than to keep the people out of the streets and away from the degrading music halls and low grogshops, the public-spirited ladies and gentlemen who have provided them are entitled to a hearty acknowledgment of their labors in the cause of human elevation.

#### Chess with Living Pieces.

A GAME at chess with living pieces was played at Winchester Guildhall, England, recently, in connection with a movement to raise funds for a charitable institution. The pawns were Tudor hats, slashed and puffed tunics of different colors, and long, colored hose, those of opposite sides being distinguished uniformly by white and black shoes. For the other pieces more varied combinations of style were adopted from drawings of Elizabethan dresses, but without introducing the hoops and farthingales and ruffs. The kings wore long and ample cloaks of velvet, with jeweled collars and sword belts. The knights wore the morions and breastplates of men-at-arms. The bishops had copes and mitres of white silk, heavily embroidered with gold on one side of the head—cassocks and birettas of cardinal red on the other. The rooks were distinguished by pastebord castles as head dresses. The moves were called out as a game was played on an ordinary chess-board. The game lasted an hour and twenty minutes.

#### The Headdress on the Goddess of Liberty.

JEFF DAVIS, in one of his recent letters, explains how the Goddess of Liberty on the Capitol at Washington came to have an Indian headdress instead of the cap of liberty; "When in the Senate, I was a member of the committee appointed to adopt a plan for the extension and improvement of the Capitol. When the plan was adopted and reported, the functions of the committee were at an end. Subsequently I was Secretary of War, and when the appropriation was made for the extension of the Capitol it was by the Act put under the charge of the War Department to supervise and direct the execution of the work. To aid in the performance of that duty I appointed Captain M. C. Meigs, of the Engineer Corps, superintendent of the construction. Several of the most distinguished American statesmen were invited to accept orders, among them Mr. Hiram Powers, who submitted for the dome of the Capitol a cartoon to represent America by a colossal female figure, on the head of which was the 'liberty cap.' To this cap I objected because it was, among the Romans, the badge of an emancipated slave, and as the people of the United States were born free men, it was held to be inappropriate to us. Mr. Powers yielded to the objection, and designed a headdress of feathers for the figure. This was accepted. As a question of art, I will leave the discussion to the critics who may impugn the good taste of Mr. Powers, merely remarking that the feathers seemed to me, in view of the aboriginal inhabitants, appropriate to a statue 'typical of America.'"

#### Homes of the Bonanza Kings.

THE suburban homes of the railroad and bonanza kings of San Francisco are chiefly in the San Jose Valley, which extends south from the city, not far from the coast, but separated from it by a range of hills. The showy places are scattered along the railroad for a distance of forty miles. That of D. O. Mills, who is no longer a Californian, except for a few months of the year, is called Millbrae. The house is like a palace in size and external ornamentation, but is built of wood, as are all the others in the valley, on account of the dread of earthquakes. Further along is Belmont, where Raiston, the unfortunate manager of the Bank of California, used to entertain strangers and friends alike with lavish hospitality. This property is in the hands of a receiver. At Menlo Park, thirty miles from town, are a dozen or so of very expensive summer houses. The newest and most wonderful is that of Flood, of Comstock Lode celebrity. It appears in the distance like a magnificent white marble pile of vast proportions and ornate architecture, but proves, on a nearer view, to be painted wood. It stands in beautiful grounds, and is approached by a winding avenue lined with exquisite flowers. Another grand place at Menlo cost the late banker, Latham, a million, but cannot now be sold for the \$200,000 mortgage that rests on it. Ex-Governor Stanford's estate embraces 3,000 acres, much of which is used for stock-breeding.

#### Brain-Weights.

THE report that the brain of Gambetta when examined by the experts was found to weigh 1,100 grammes, or less than 39 ounces, has led to the publication of an immense number of brain-weights. The brain of the adult human male is said to average about 50 ounces, and that of the adult female about 45. The maximum weight of the healthy brain is about 64 ounces, and the minimum about 31. In cases of atrophy it has been found weighing only 20 ounces. Broca places the lowest limit of brain-weight compatible with human intelligence at 30 ounces in males and 32 in females, the average

weight of the European male brain being 49 ounces. Dr. Bischoff, of Bonn, published two or three years ago, perhaps the most exhaustive study of the subject ever undertaken. He had examined and weighed the brains of 559 men and 347 women. His figures were as follows:

|             | Highest. | Lowest.  | Average. |
|-------------|----------|----------|----------|
| Male.....   | 67.9 oz. | 35.9 oz. | 48 oz.   |
| Female..... | 55.2 oz. | 28.9 oz. | 43 oz.   |

Bischoff weighed the brains of ten cultivated and celebrated men, some of which he found to be below the average, while none reached the maximum. The brains of 119 ordinary offenders weighed 11 grammes more than the average, some having a weight of 1,500 and even 1,600 grammes. Broca, on comparing 115 skulls taken from a vault closed up not later than the twelfth century with another series of 125 skulls taken from a cemetery belonging to the earlier years of the present century, found the average capacity to be 1,426 and 1,462, showing a considerable gain during seven centuries of progressive civilization. As to the actual weight of the brains of eminent men full statistics are not obtainable. Taking individual cases, some twenty-three in number, Cuvier, the naturalist, heads the list according to one authority with 64.33 ounces, and according to another with 64.33. The brains of Abercrombie, the physician, and of Schiller, the poet, weighed 63 ounces; Sir James Simpson's weighed 54 and Chalmers's 53; the brains of Napoleon and Daniel Webster 57 ounces. The brain of a mulatto who died not long ago at Cincinnati was found to weigh 61 ounces. He was not considered bright intellectually. The heaviest brain on record, which weighed 67 ounces, according to Dr. Morris, was that of a bricklayer, who "had a good memory and was fond of politics, but could neither read nor write, so that, whatever his potentialities, his actual attainments were not great." It may surprise our readers to learn that the only statistics of Chinese brain-weights available show them to exceed all other nations in this respect. The average brain-weight of the males reached 59.5 ounces, and that of the females 45.5 ounces. This is an average not attained, so far as yet known, by any other nation, it being fully 6 ounces above that of the average negro, and 1½ ounces above the European. The brain of Guiteau weighed 49.5 ounces, exceeding by more than 10 ounces the reported weight of the great French Republican.

#### FUN.

THERE are so many informers in Ireland that the people living there ought to know a great deal.

WHEN a woman wishes to hide something where nobody will ever be able to find it, she puts it in the pocket of her dress.

THE evil that men do lives after them. Even when an amateur cornetist dies he leaves the fatal instrument behind.

IT is all nonsense to claim that consumption is hereditary. Who ever heard of a baby without a good, strong pair of lungs?

PATENT medicines are now made of colored fluids, pretty labels, newspaper advertising and faith, the latter being the curative principle.

"THANK heaven!" exclaimed a fond father, as he paced the floor at midnight with his howling heir; "thank heaven you are not twins!"

THE actor Forrest's costumes have been sold by auction, and there is a general inquiry among the press as to what actor obtained his mantle.

WHEN a remedy has stood the test of more than thirty years' trial, and to-day is more largely used than ever, its worth is evidently unquestioned. Such is the record of Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP.

THE first thing a city man does when he becomes rich is to buy a farm, move into the country and bankrupt himself trying to raise enough to keep him from starving. A rich countryman, on the other hand, buys a brownstone front in the city and becomes interested in stocks, with a like result.

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